This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 688,934

Modern Men

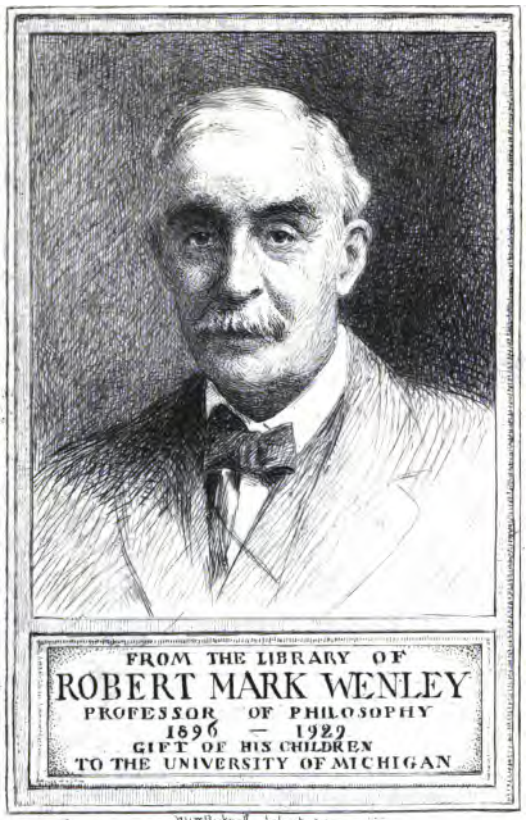
BY

A MODERN MAID

CONTENTS

THE DECAY OF COURTESY
OUR PARTNERS
OUR FELLOW BOARDERS
HUSBANDS AND BROTHERS
THE VANITY OF MEN
MEN AND MONEY MATTERS
OBJECTIONABLE LOVERS
CONCLUSION

[Two Shillings.



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
ROBERT MARK WENLEY
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY
1896 — 1929
GIFT OF HIS CHILDREN
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[illegible] del et sc
1938

BJ
1601
.O18

O'Connor - Cecilia. Charlotte

MODERN MEN

BY

A MODERN MAID.

"Alas, poor book, . . go spread thy papery wings,
Thy lightness cannot help or hurt my fame."
CAMPION.

LONDON:
Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C.
Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; Hamilton, Adams & Co.

1887.

FIELD & TUER,
THE LEADENHALL PRESS, E.C.
(T. 4339)

gt-Wesley Lib
5-4-39

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION, ... 1

CHAP.

I. THE DECAY OF COURTESY, ... 7

II. OUR PARTNERS, ... 17

III. OUR FELLOW BOARDERS, ... 31

IV. HUSBANDS AND BROTHERS, ... 47

V. THE VANITY OF MEN, ... 71

VI. MEN AND MONEY MATTERS, ... 89

VII. OBJECTIONABLE LOVERS, ... 105

VIII. CONCLUSION, ... 127

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

My dear Readers,—

We poor women seem to come in for more than our share of admonition, reproof, and sarcasm, not only from the opposite sex, but from our own. Are the lords of creation exempt from the faults, follies, and foibles said to distinguish the ladies? yet few men, and fewer women, remark on these, while no writer considers himself unable to ridicule us and to lash our failings. I have seen hundreds of articles of various degrees of merit on our extravagance, bad housekeeping, love of gossip and novelty, *et cætera*, yet in sober earnest most of the girls I know are good, helpful, affectionate, and have many capabilities for developing with suitable training into worthy and even noble women. What is worse, some

women depict their sex in so unfavourable and untrue a light that their masculine readers, who naturally think they ought to know, are startled at the picture, and unless they have members of their family or intimate friends whose characters refute these calumnies, conceive a certain suspiciousness in their relations with women more easily felt than defined by its objects. Of course, there are silly, mischievous, and wicked women in the world, just as there are men to whom similar adjectives apply, and in about the same proportion to the wise, the dignified, and the virtuous.

A good man I esteem the noblest work of God, but am unwilling to grant that a good woman is such a long way behind him as many try to prove. My experience—such as it is—has shown the contrary.

It seems to many that the sterner sex can be, and sometimes are, more disagreeable than their sisters. A spirit of contempt, or, at best, of toleration for women, is often evinced by youths, as well as by a few who, being older, ought to know better. The desire to please and serve us is more rarely manifested than ever before, if tradition speaks truth, nor is it

fair, in excuse for this falling off, to point to certain persons, and ask how can we expect honour or respect if members of our sex do this or that. Why should guiltless sufferers be treated with rudeness or indifference because Mrs So and So scorns the restraints of propriety and politeness? They have no part with her. She and those like her are in so small a proportion to our body as to be practically non-existent. We decline to answer for their shortcomings.

There have arisen in these latter days far too many of the class whom men of better feelings themselves stigmatise as "puppies," and an effort should be made to stamp out the type of character that is so described. None would rejoice more at their extinction than those who worthily bear the title of gentleman. I admire all who, like my own dear father, are models of chivalry, honour, and courtesy; but in Society one meets some who, though gentlemen by birth and education, are not of this type, and to them I mean to devote a few remarks, with your kind permission. Unlike masculine writers in the reverse case, I do not say they apply to all or even to most men; but that

they do to a body sufficiently numerous to merit rebuke, most of my lady readers can testify.

Though my name and condition are unknown, it is a source of mental satisfaction that I am young, and so fortunately situated as to have nothing to complain of personally. I have no private grievances, never was crossed in love; my remarks are made without prejudice or bias, and I hope may be read as good-humouredly as they certainly are written.

I trust my critics will not "break a butterfly," but show their superiority to the little weaknesses of lesser men, by being as merciful as may be to

A MODERN MAID.

I.

THE DECAY OF COURTESY.

I.

THE DECAY OF COURTESY.

"Manners make the man."—*Proverb.*

WOMEN are by common consent privileged to acknowledge themselves cowards; so, taking advantage of this right, I ensconce myself behind the barricade of a *nom de plume*, and mean from its shelter to launch a few missiles at the heads of those I lack courage openly to attack. Gracious! What would become of me if my identity was suspected; if Mr Golightly, who devoted himself exclusively to my comfort last September at Mrs Blank's picnic, thought me capable of putting down in black and white unfavourable impressions of him and his kind! To what lengths might not his resentment carry him if he knew I despised him for singling me out for attention because he heard I was popular, and was good

enough to think my appearance reflected credit on his taste, while he utterly neglected Miss Dimple, because she was, as usual, badly dressed, though she came with his mother, and is much better looking than I am. He ministered to his own vanity, not to mine, so I owe him no gratitude; still I should *not* like him to discover me. Fortunately, the publishers have vowed to keep my secret as faithfully as M. de Chamillart did that of the "Man with the Iron Mask." Were it ever revealed, the young men of my acquaintance might organise indignation meetings, and having first accurately fitted the cap on their own heads, pass resolutions binding themselves to boycott me, and then indeed would life be no longer worth living.

Those who read these papers without suspecting their author will probably say, "Some sour old maid, of course! Doesn't get as much attention as she'd like, so goes about abusing men, and saying there is little or no politeness nowadays; or else

"A lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
Who 'doesn't think' she waltzes, but would rather like to try."

Such suppositions wound my feminine vanity to the quick, so I hasten to premise.

My good friends, like the little boy in *Punch*, "I am not old, I'm nearly new," and, moreover, good-looking, according to my glass. I dress very nicely, waltzing is my strong point, nor do I lack partners. I go about with my eyes open, am quick to see and despise folly or affectation; like fine, manly men, and sometimes compare notes with my friends; *voila tout!*

> "Which I rise to maintain,
> And my meaning is plain,"

that general courtesy to women is now at a discount, unless all old ladies are in a conspiracy to say that in their time politeness was cultivated to a much greater extent than at present! Even from across the Atlantic comes the cry. Mr W. D. Howells gives voice to it in a recent story, by making a lady complain that young men have changed so from what they were in her youth; then they were only too pleased to be friendly and entertaining, but now "New York has grown almost as bad as London"; girls they ignore, and only young married women can hope to receive the slightest attention.

One sees examples of better breeding

amongst men of a past generation than any modern society can furnish; one hears of young men who had simple tastes, unassuming manners, were easily amused, courteous to women of all ranks, incapable of spite, while at the present day one finds common politeness to be almost rarer than common sense. Too many of our young men are luxurious, presumptuous, or boastful, difficult to entertain, rude to their inferiors, and capable of petty resentments. Where has the larger spirit flown? To my mind, Louis XIV. was never so truly a king as when, lifting his plumed hat, he begged pardon of the women washing out the marble corridors of Versailles for interrupting their occupation. Would young Tomkins in a marching regiment, or Snooks, the briefless barrister, or Jinks, clerk in the War Office, do as much? Not they. If they ever read Lytton they forget that he says, "To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex." If the scrubbers were very pretty their pails might not be upset, but if plain and elderly, bah!

Gone are the days when the gentleman who pathetically deplored his sufferings in song,

caught a cold in the head with its attendant miseries—

"All through obliging a lady."

No one now cares to oblige a lady, at least not simply and solely for politeness' sake. If he is in love with her (good old-fashioned phrase), if she is young and handsome, or if on-lookers are likely to think him a fine fellow, he may submit to some discomfort on her account, but "catch him bothering," as one of the number elegantly said, about any girl whose position or attractions do not flatter his vanity. Granted the qualification, he is able to show an amount of politeness as astonishing as unexpected, while the older, plainer, and less ready at repartee is the lady whom he selects for a show of downright rudeness, or of covert impertinence still harder to bear, the better. The principle of honouring the weaker sex in all its representatives is long since exploded, and few there are who care to piece its fragments. Chivalry is dead; would that words of mine had power to revive it! Could men but know how all true women value even its semblance, they would surely modify their free and easy ways. A sensible man is more

easily befooled by a handsome face without more solid qualities, than a sensible woman; wealth and good looks have their attractions for us, but chivalry wins our hearts, above all, when combined with that simplicity of character that belongs to noble minds, and betokens gentle upbringing.

Many young men need to be reminded of the mere elements of etiquette, as, for example, that what are commonly know as "airs and graces" should be avoided, and that it is not polite for one to show any lady, met on equal terms at the house of a mutual friend, that he thinks himself better than she is, though he may be conscious of being younger, handsomer, or better born. I have seen many imply, without uttering a word directly to that effect, that they thought themselves very condescending in speaking at all to persons not specially attractive, and this though their own physical and mental gifts were not of the highest order.

It is all very fine to say a gentleman is polite to every lady, whether young or old, pretty or ugly—a true gentleman certainly is, but there are many who wear good coats, have had the advantages of education, occupy honourable

positions, are well connected and would hotly resent any imputation on their gentility, yet whose conceit, selfishness, and want of breeding disqualify them for any claim to the "grand old name." It would be well if there was some means other than unpleasant experience to distinguish the true from the false. Felix Holt happily describes Mr Jermyn as "a sort of amateur gentleman." These amateur gentlemen are the culprits; men with a superficial polish, with the power of being civil when it suits them, and of showing their claws when they dare, with manners like the sets of dolls' clothes daily advertised as "warranted capable of being put on and off," and either so heartless or so thoughtless that they never stop to consider the wishes or the feelings of others.

Some say that women have themselves to thank if they are rudely treated. This is simply begging the question. With such persons we have nothing to do. Perhaps they deserve what they get, and that there is a certain amount of excuse for those who give them tit for tat, but no woman in society is even sharp to a man unless he has merited it. We are as a body almost too anxious to please

and conciliate men, and very little thanks some of us get for our pains. I protest solely against unprovoked impertinence. It is for the poor, the plain, the dowdy of my sex I speak: they are the sufferers. Those who are rich, young, well born, handsome, and well dressed, can secure attention from the veriest snob; in courtesy to their less fortunate sisters the gentleman is manifest.

II.

OUR PARTNERS.

II.

OUR PARTNERS.

"Modern manners give great scope for rudeness."
St Mungo's City.

One of the characters in *A Nile Novel* says, "I never knew a man yet, who in the bottom of his soul did not cherish the idea that the mere fact of his being a man was a proof of his own cleverness. I wish one did not have to meet so many men who have limited their cleverness to that." The present writer leaves it to men to say whether this be true or not. If it is, there is no worse place for the victims of the delusion than the British Islands, and that for two or three reasons, one of which is that they are in the minority here, and proportionately in request. They receive more invitations to balls, garden parties, and "at homes" than they care to accept, so are led to set on themselves a fictitious value, and to

forget that in many instances their hostess looks on them pretty much as on the flowers or ices she orders for her guests.

"I shall ask young Gosling," she says to her husband.

"Well, of all the idiotic——"

"O! I know that, but he waltzes well, and we are a man short."

Young Gosling, getting his card, sticks it into the frame of his glass for the admiration of less brilliant acquaintances, and thinks he is dreadfully run after—for his personal merits and charms, of course!

Strange as it may seem, there are few places, except in the privacy of home, where a man's character can be more easily gauged by a quick observer than in a ballroom. Do we not meet every day in society some who are too selfish, too fond of ease to do anyone an avoidable service, who by their manner make a compliment of every trifle, see after a carriage as if they condescended, and search out wraps for an elderly lady with the air of a martyr. They are given to complaints that a gossiping world declares them to be the lover of any girl to whom or to whose mother they

show the smallest attention, seeking thus to excuse their intolerable want of breeding, but they and not the world are to blame, for the fact remains that when they *do* seem civil, attentive, and thoughtful, they generally are in love, as much, at least, as in their nature lies. Give me the man who practises self-restraint in trifles, refrains from looking bored when dancing a "duty dance" and from chatting to friends in the pauses, to his partner's exclusion, who resists the temptation to raise his eyebrows with an air of pathetic resignation for the benefit of Miss Sharp, when his hostess asks him to take old Lady Biggleswade down to supper, who does not know much of ladies' dresses, and is unable to criticise them smartly for the benefit of his fellows or of some frivolous girl, who, when he accepts an invitation, comes prepared to make himself agreeable, and does not pay his entertainers the bad compliment of hanging aimlessly about the doorways, or of devoting himself exclusively to one person, as if no one else in the room was to his taste; and, finally, who is not afflicted by a morbid dread of being good-natured or amusing lest he should "make himself too cheap." There is an

old story of one whose dancing was the only accomplishment that rendered him tolerable. He went to a ball in the country, where, to show his dignity, he chose to prop up the wall, and survey the guests superciliously through his eyeglass. To offers of introductions he answered languidly, "No, tha-anks." At last came his host in despair. "My dear Smaltalke, why are you not dancing? I fear you don't enjoy this much! Do let me introduce you to Miss Handsome—such a charming girl—an intimate friend of ours, daughter of Sir Herbert Handsome, you know—grand old place—heiress to a pot of money—they rave about her down here."

This was evidently some one to whom the great young man might partially unbend.

"A—ah," he said slowly. "Don't—a—mind if I do. Trot her—a—up!"

Miss Handsome, shaded by a gigantic palm, stood near, and, herself unseen, overheard the dialogue. She moved quickly away with her *chaperone*, and was soon the centre of a group of acquaintances. Presently she saw the graceful Smaltalke approaching with her host.

"Mr Smaltalke, Miss Handsome."

The lady bowed as slightly as might be.

"May I have the—a—pleasha?" said the gentleman, with a tentative advance of his arm. She looked at him slowly, and turning to his introducer said, with a languid smile modelled on his own—

"A—ah! Trot him—a—*down.*"

Men are our superiors in intellect—so, at least, they always tell us, and so, of course, we believe. It must therefore be because they fear to dazzle us that some hide their light under a bushel. They leave it to the lady to find subjects for conversation; and how difficult that is when talking to a perfect stranger who gives you no help whatever, only those who have tried it know. If a girl has but just come out, or happens not to have many acquaintances in the room, she is frequently to be pitied. This is a not unusual programme. She sits beside her *chaperone* until the hostess makes a sudden descent on her, and says, with a hurried smile, "Are you engaged for this dance, Miss Twoshoes?" Our *débutante* says, "No, Mrs Blank." The lady then twitters away, and Miss Twoshoes sees with the corner of her eye that she is in earnest conversation with a

gentleman in the doorway. She knows they are speaking about her, for he glances in that direction. Then he comes forward with the hostess, while poor Miss Twoshoes stares as hard as she can at vacancy, and tries to look as if she wasn't nervous and didn't know what was coming. They are introduced. Neither hears the other's name. He mutters something. She replies, "With pleasure." Then there is silence, and an awful interval, which he fills by fitting his glove to a nicety and buttoning it. That done, he says something about beginning, and she rises. They take a couple of turns without a word. Then he remarks, "Capital floor, is it not?" This admits only of a monosyllabic reply. She is racking her brains for something new to add on the subject, but can think of nothing. "If he would only begin something sensible," is her despairing thought. Another and a longer interval. He speaks again: "The music is very good, isn't it?" "Very," answers his partner. Another interval. "Have you been going out much this season?" "Not very much as yet." Still another interval, then crash, crash go the final chords, and the waltz

is over. He leads her to her place, as she declines refreshments, and stands beside her in silence till the next dance begins, when with a bow he goes in search of a fresh partner, and repeats all about the floor, music, &c., over again, varying it occasionally by a remark about the weather, or by asking "Have you seen ——— ?" naming whatever play is making a sensation at the time. Now, if men would once for all discard these threadbare subjects, and break fresh ground—any remarks or questions as to travelling, pictures, new books, or the daily papers may lead to a rational and amusing conversation, at least they do not admit of inane replies. Young girls find it very difficult to know what to say to strange gentlemen, though, if they got a lead, they could follow it up, and this, to my mind, it is the man's business to give. I once began six different and distinct subjects in a vain endeavour to draw my partner out. He put an extinguisher on each by answering, "Ah, so do I," or "So have I," or "So was I." Then I retired within myself, having no place else to retire to.

Dancing with a double dummy is bad enough,

but far worse is the partner who begins to flirt desperately before he has known you five minutes, and is not to be checked by the coolest of manners. He thinks "young ladies like it"; some may, there is no accounting for tastes, but I for one think it little better than impertinence. What can be more embarrassing than to have a man you scarcely know making himself and you conspicuous? One gets hot and cold by turns, and longs to tell him not to be foolish. A girl must be vain indeed who takes such conduct as a compliment.

Another variety, the worst of all, is the rude partner. He perhaps wanted to dance with Miss Lydia Languish, but her aunt circumvented him, and unhappily he falls to poor little Miss Muffett, to whom he pays not the slightest attention as he jealously watches Lydia revolving, and shows himself so cross and bored that she is ready to cry for vexation. I heard of one of this class who was presented to a lady at a ball; she did not take his fancy, so he offered her his arm and began to promenade. Arriving opposite one of his acquaintances he said, "I say, Meadows!

allow me to introduce you to Miss Aster," and disengaging his arm, he left the girl with a bow! Now, what is a woman to do or say when so insulted? She might of course make a fuss, but that is not to be thought of by anyone of refined feeling. Her helplessness makes it all the harder. If men could but know the burning yet powerless indignation she must try to choke back, none could be found so utterly devoid of chivalry as to subject her to such a mortification.

As I said before, and cannot too often repeat, I sketch in these papers types of an unpleasant class alone. We have all had too many delightful, genial, amusing, and courteous partners, not to notice those who are the reverse, and to whom alone these remarks apply.

I mentioned before that young men are frequently difficult to entertain, and through this they lose a great deal of simple family amusement that would be better for them, body and soul, than the constant excitement they crave. If a brilliant *soirée* is given everyone is glad to go; if there are two or three invitations for the same night men naturally

enough choose the house where the best supper is likely to be provided, but hostesses are afraid to ask young men who are not relations, unless they have something particular on the *tapis.* They have no scruple, however, in asking poor girls to a dull family party, and will say quite coolly: "So sorry we have no *beaux* for you, my dears, this evening, but I really did not like asking any young men, as we are only going to have a little music, and they expect so much." Now, if the young men's pretensions were less, and they were willing to be agreeable, both parties might have spent a pleasant evening with music or a merry round game to pass the time, have come to know each other better than in meeting at twenty large dances, and had far more real enjoyment. Why is it that young men are, or affect to be, more *blasés* than young girls? Why are they so afraid of manifesting open honest enjoyment of any simple pleasure? Why do they pretend to despise small dances when they have at the same time no better engagement? Why do they choose as partners married ladies, no longer young, but who entertain largely? Some of these questions answer themselves;

to others one can only reply, with "Cornelius O'Dowd," "There are some fellows who would bestow no higher praise than 'tis not too bad' on heaven itself, if they ever had the good fortune to get there." Even if a man has got beyond the years when dancing is in itself delightful, men as well as women should remember there are duties they owe to society which are as real in their way as the more serious claims of home. Of course gloomy people exist who call every amusement frivolity, and would suppress all social gatherings except heavy dinner-parties, but others more sensible will admit that one may practice acts of virtue by exercising the small self-denial of going out occasionally when one would sooner sit quietly at home, if by so doing an evening may be made to pass off well, and the anxious mind of a tired hostess relieved.

III.

OUR FELLOW BOARDERS.

III.

OUR FELLOW BOARDERS.

"Forget the soil whereon they grew,
And think themselves 'the Lord knows who.'"

"This vulgarity of being ashamed of one's society is much more common among men than women."—*Thackeray.*

ONCE on a time, as fairy stories say, boarding-houses were looked on as such un-English and unconventional institutions that they were frequented but by few. The general public, taking their impressions from the pages of Dickens and others, considered them as a sort of *terra incognita*, where men and women, modelled on Miss Cherry Pecksniff and the young gentleman who played the flute were to be met. Their excellence and utility has, however, of late years been acknowledged, and only old-fashioned people now consider it *infra dig.* to frequent them in preference to comfortless

lodgings or the gilded splendours of our huge caravansaries. Country people visiting London for more than a few days find them invaluable, especially ladies, who are glad to stop at an agreeable, well-managed house, with handsome reception-rooms and a good table, without the expense and publicity of a hotel, or the trouble of catering for themselves. Thus it happens that every year the number of boarding-houses increases, yet guests are always found to fill them when deserving of patronage. Nor are people wanting who prophesy that this mode of life will yet be as general here as in America. Some friends of mine who have tried it speak quite enthusiastically of the kindness of the principal, the agreeable and well-bred people they met, the scrupulous care exercised as to references, and the general comfort. They say they cannot be too thankful for having overcome the prejudice they previously had to such establishments, but add that, as "life would be tolerable but for its amusements," so life in a boarding-house would be more than tolerable but for a section of the young men. They ask me to state some of their grievances, and as these seem

to be at once general and well founded, I shall devote this paper to making manifest what is disagreeable in men who live *en pension*, especially as it is by no means confined to them, but is frequently manifested in other spheres of society.

In such establishments many of those who are permanent are young fellows studying for different examinations, and of all ages from sixteen to twenty-six; the elder men, frequently retired officers, are seldom married, being either old bachelors or widowers. Besides these fixed stars, there are meteoric apparitions of professional men whose families are out of town, country gentlemen up for a fortnight in London, and members of Parliament summoned at inconvenient times for important divisions. It will therefore be seen that an immense variety of characters may be met with under one roof, and people have not the same power of avoiding those for whom they do not care as in their own homes; it is on this account all the more important that each should contribute towards the general harmony, and, by trying to be good-natured and agreeable, make everything go smoothly. True

one may leave and never meet one's fellow-guests again, but it is worth while to treat such with courtesy, without familiarity, for the time being, else why does one frequent the place at all? The temporary inhabitants do not often fail on this point, but it seems that nothing can equal the disagreeability of some who are fixtures for one or more years. "It is only a boarding-house!" their frequent observation, gives at once the key to their behaviour. No one or nothing is good enough for them. They form little cliques, who meet in each other's rooms and pass their time in a manner more or less edifying. In the general amusements they seldom or never share, though in what respect they are superior to those who do would puzzle one to say. If anything is being got up, such as charades or tableaux, it is hopeless to ask their assistance, though they are sometimes kind enough to look on when others have brought all to a successful issue. They keep their hats on when passing ladies on the stairs, and instead of removing their cigars almost puff the smoke into their faces. If a pretty girl, a stranger, arrives, they sometimes surprise everyone by putting in an appearance

in the drawing-room, and paying her more or less devoted attention until the novelty wears off, when they again retire, and, like so many veiled prophets, refuse to show their faces. Women are accused of gossiping, but, if prizes were given for proficiency, such gentlemen would bear away the palm from the expertest female scandal-monger in any country town. They canvas among themselves all the girls in the house,—their faults and failings, their dress and claims to good looks, adding, as often as not, remarks which, if uttered, as they never would be, before any of these young ladies' brothers, would ensure the speakers prompt punishment.

Some of the younger ones are nice enough at first, but soon are scarcely to be recognised. They give short answers to the ladies, have private jokes incomprehensible to outsiders, constantly giggle like schoolgirls, and, if they are medical students, "talk shop" till everyone near them shudders; they help themselves plentifully to all that they require, without bestowing a thought on their neighbours, and, if fruit or anything else be particularly good or scarce, they make sure of getting some, who-

ever else goes without. "I am so sorry to see such a change in young Mr Downey since he got intimate with that Mr Stuckup," said one lady to another; "he is getting quite spoiled." Her friend answered sensibly, "If he is one of those who are easily spoiled, it is just as well that it should show, for the taint must be there; if not, he will come out of the ordeal a better man." She was right. How men can imagine they show their superiority by assuming insolence and "aloofness," if the word may be permitted me, is, to quote Lord Dundreary, "a thing no fellah can understand." What is the necessity for it? If they really are gentlemen by birth, and accustomed to superior surroundings, it only lowers them—people come to know their position sooner or later without the aid of airs and graces; if they are not, that too leaks out; they deceive no one, and are secretly laughed at, while, like ostriches with their heads buried in the sand, they fail to see they are discovered. "Who is that affected young Doublechick?" says some one, "I always feel inclined to go up to him and ask, as Beau Brummel did of the dandy, 'Pray, sir, are you anyone in particular?'"

"Oh, didn't you know? he is one of the rich 'Diaphanous Soap' people."

"Indeed! I'm not surprised, I always thought he was something like that." I pity parents whose sons, studying in London, are led into such sets; the amusements disdained indoors are sought without: gambling replaces the general round game; the stage door, private theatricals, a music hall, is found livelier than a small dance, and for tea are substituted strong waters.

If people stay but a short time they may act as they like about taking part in what is going forward without exciting comment, but if they remain several months—a year, or more as frequently happens—and during that time never enter the drawing-room in the evenings, nor interest themselves in anything, they may expect remarks will be made. The others naturally conclude they either disapprove of their doings, or think themselves too good for the company. It should not be necessary to explain that, if they have a real genuine excuse —an engagement with friends, or studies to be pursued—they are quite right to absent themselves; where the error lies is in keeping away

through "snobbishness" or churlishness. To illustrate my meaning let me cite an example. A young fellow of twenty-two or three, who may be called Mr Bassclef, was gifted with a remarkably good voice, lived for a long time in a certain *pension*, and frequently sang in the evenings, without being asked, for his own gratification and the amusement of the company. His hostess was particularly kind to him, as were also a Mr and Mrs Goodchild whom he met at her house. One morning, at breakfast, the former told her guests that Mrs Goodchild had asked friends to spend the evening, and that she thought of having some music and a dance to follow. "I suppose we may count on you, Mr Bassclef," she added. That gentleman muttered something which was taken to be an affirmative, and everyone looked on the matter as settled. What did he do?—Went off to bed immediately after tea—"he'd be hanged if he entertained anyone's visitors"—and induced some of his friends to absent themselves likewise, with the result that both music and dance fell through. Some may contend he was acting within his rights; so he was, perhaps, but can you honestly say you admire his conduct?

There are young men who never seem to think that the proprietors of boarding-houses are other than mere machines specially constructed to make them comfortable; it never strikes them that many are ladies by birth, who are making a valiant struggle with the world for the sake of those dear to them, and whose difficulties are increased tenfold by rudeness on the part of frequenters of their establish ments. How often, alas! because they are poor and friendless, they have to bear impertinence and scarcely veiled contempt, from men who, as likely as not, leave soon after in their debt.

While urging those who have to live in a boarding-house to prove themselves gentlemen under all circumstances, I do not mean to imply that men should "dance attendance," as it is called, on women; I do not ask them to show comparative strangers the attention they would bestow on their personal friends, nor do I expect anyone to invite such to share in their private amusements. Great independence of action is of course allowed; still there is not quite as much freedom as in a hotel, and though the acquaintance terminates when one

or other leaves, it is nonsense to think that people can treat those they meet several times every day for months, who partake of breakfast, lunch, and dinner at the same table, and who occupy adjoining rooms, exactly as if they had never seen them before. It may be all very well in theory, but cannot be carried out in practice.

Many a woman, perhaps no longer young, is forced, by the death of her husband or the break-up of her girlhood's home, to leave the spot where long, happy years were spent. She has, let us say, a small income, good enough, possibly, but insufficient to maintain the style to which she has been accustomed. Large rooms and society her previous life has taught her to look on as necessaries, so she resolves, instead of taking some small, pokey cottage, to try what life in a boarding-house is like. It is very hard for such a one to endure the unprovoked impertinence of boys who might be her sons, or of others older, but not more capable of acting a manly part. "What would you do in such and such a case, Mr Rough, if you were a woman?" asked a lady of a young cub about eighteen, whom she was foolish enough

to address. "A woman!" he echoed. "I'd sooner be a monkey than a woman."

"Nature granted that desire," was the well-merited retort.

Mr Rough called himself a gentleman, and was given to boast of the splendour of his home and the grandeur of his acquaintances. He thought he had only said something smart to Miss Elderly, who, as a spinster no longer young, had no earthly right to expect civility, and he was furious when the laugh went against him. One is inclined to wonder who and what were the mother and sisters of a lad who could speak thus to a lady. Strangely enough, I heard, in the instance given, they were charming and well-bred women, yet the home influences could not have been strong. Another young fellow—he was in the army, by the way—was led by circumstances to spend a few days at a boarding-house in Scarborough. He fell asleep on the sofa while waiting for the dinner-bell, though the room was full of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom were in an infinitely better social position than himself, had he but known it. He evidently thought no one who lived there could be of sufficient

importance to make it worth while to overcome his drowsiness. Later in the evening he made some advance to join a whist party, and, though two of the players were ladies, secured his comfort by elevating his legs on a convenient chair as he leisurely sorted his cards. Would he have dared to act so in a private house? Though in virtue of his commission he was, I suppose, *to be called* a gentleman, it is almost needless to add he was no more one by birth than he was by breeding, and everyone suspected as much, while he doubtless fancied he was impressing them with a sense of his greatness and their inferiority. It is persons of this sort who, having good natural capacities, frequently succeed in passing into the Civil Service and Army, and, having obtained influential positions, too often render the name of Englishmen hateful in India, where they insolently tyrannise over the natives, despising their courtesies and customs, treating swarthy princes and potentates with contempt, and showing men of a far older civilisation a specimen of manners to be expected from the proverbial "beggar on horseback."

I would appeal to men, who for one reason or another reside in boarding-houses, not to imitate the examples cited. Why should they think themselves absolved from the duties of politeness by which in their own homes they would consider themselves bound? Is it not "snobbish" to a degree to choose a place of residence which is undoubtedly comfortable, convenient, and suitable, and then, when once established, pretend to look down on other residents who are just as good, or better, and who came for precisely the same reasons? Giving oneself the airs of what Artemus Ward calls a "disguised dook" is no proof of nobility, else dukes would be as plentiful as blackberries. If others are wanting in the courtesies of life, why should each new comer assume their bad manners? It is a shame to be so easily influenced for evil. Men cannot and should not be tied for ever to home and their mother's apron-string. They must pass through Vanity Fair, and see strange sights and hear strange sounds. To each it remains to prove if he will become as the revellers or not, if he will valiantly hold his own or desert to the enemy, if the light laugh of a fool suffice to make him forsake his colours,

or human respect force him to blush for good principles learned in early days at a loving mother's knee. The time comes to every young man facing the world when he must prove what he is made of; would that in all cases it was stuff to stand wear and tear. Should the foundation be poor and coarse, embroideries of gold and silver and precious stones avail not to disguise it.

IV.

HUSBANDS AND BROTHERS.

IV.

HUSBANDS AND BROTHERS.

"There was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you shall plainly see;
He thought he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

"'With all my heart,' the old wife said,
'If you will me allow,
'Tis you shall stay at home to-day,
And I will hold the plough.'

. . . . . .

"And when his wife came home at night,
He said he could plainly see
That she could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three."

Nursery Song.

"*Si vous voulez qu'une chose soit faite, faites la faire* PAR UNE AUTRE!"

WOMEN often say that all men are selfish. One scarcely likes to repeat such a sweeping assertion—the word sounds harsh, and selfishness is admittedly an odious vice; yet it must be

confessed that men evince, to put it mildly, less consideration for others than do the opposite sex. They have not the same power of entering into their views, of sharing their feelings, of finding interest in their occupations, as their wives and sisters possess. A woman can readily understand that her husband or brother may be worried by business cares, and sympathise with his perplexities, though she knows none of the details of his duties, while he frequently has difficulty in realising that she may be fretted and annoyed by domestic anxieties, and, because he is ignorant of the trouble that devolves on her, treats it all as a bagatelle. It is really wonderful how soon a boy shows a sense of his own importance, with a corresponding disregard for others, and especially a proper contempt for womankind. Little Tommy in the nursery excuses himself for taking away his sister Lilly's wooden horse by saying "She's only a girl," and refuses to let her play with his bricks for the same excellent reason. It is remarked somewhere that even the best of mothers seldom or never think of training up their sons so that in future years they may be good husbands, though they consider it a duty

to fit their daughters to be good wives; and to this defect in their early education is owing the want of consideration which men too frequently exhibit in their relations with the weaker sex, and from which members of their family are, of course, the chief sufferers. Most women have to endure much in silence; their lives of inaction are hard to bear, yet must be borne; their love of their children, if they have any, draws them entirely out of themselves; there are usually many calls on their sympathy, so that any tendency to selfishness is checked, while in men, especially if clever and successful, it is allowed to run riot. The mere fact of being a man places them at once in a position of superiority; the ball is at their feet if they have talent and energy to seize it, while we are handicapped from the hour of our birth.

It is, of course, in married life that women suffer most, if want of consideration is an element in their husband's character; it is really harder to get on with a good man having this defect than with one far less perfect, but thoughtful for others. The former is often absorbed in his own successes or losses, and never notices that household cares press on his wife. She wearies

herself making arrangements for his comfort. He never notices the change, and if she draws his attention to it, says, "Oh! ah! Yes, to be sure!" He is, perhaps, fond of society, and is cross if she doesn't feel strong enough to go to every amusement in progress; or he likes a quiet, humdrum life, and cannot understand that she should pine for a little change. He goes off to his club evening after evening to play whist, and it never strikes him that she may find it dull and "*langweilich*" sitting over the fire with a book. If they have children he is more or less jealous, and complains that the little monkeys absorb all her time and attention, that she is fonder of them than of him, and so forth, as if a fine, strong, six-foot man needed the same care as a poor little, feeble, squalling thing that anyone would pity. However his wife manages, the youngsters must be kept out of his way; he must not be disturbed. He treats the babies as disagreeable private possessions of hers, in whose ownership he does not share, and resents notice bestowed on them as so much taken from him.

I cannot do better than quote here a capital extract from the clever and amusing novel,

Dr Edith Romney, in which the shrewd Miss Jacques puts the case in a nutshell :—

"'You are all steeped in the same egotism —you all regard women in reference to yourselves,' said Miss Jacques, scornfully. 'Your selfishness is ludicrously transparent. Women are to be this, that, and the other, not for themselves, not for their own comfort and advantage, but because men like them to be so! They are to be men's companions : therefore some slight cultivation of their minds is desirable, as men—all being richly endowed with intellect—prefer intelligent companions. Do you ever hear of men being recommended to fit themselves to be pleasant companions for their wives? But of course not : companionship is to be as one-sided as everything else. If a man sits in his chair, and varies the evening's entertainment by dozing and grumbling, he fulfils the whole duty of man.'

"'I am sorry I drove the cat away,' murmured Dr Fullagher, with a suppressed air.

" Miss Jacques laughed, and shook her head.

"'The superior being always shows his contempt for us by slighting our earnestness, she said."

Men now marry much later in life than did their fathers, simply because they are unwilling to curtail their luxuries; "marrying for love and working for money" they look on as supreme folly. I do not, of course, advocate imprudence, but a little less selfishness would make all parties happier, nor would they lose by not seeking to begin where their parents were satisfied to end.

A man's profession, if one that suits him, is deeply interesting. Fame, or at any rate profit, results from its successful prosecution, but no matter what time, talent, and energy a woman devotes to household affairs, she has nothing to gain beyond the consciousness of duty done, though it is quite as difficult to spend a small income judiciously as to earn a large one. Husbands rarely see this. They take things too much as a matter of course, and seldom accord praise, which women find the greatest incentive to exertion. They get accustomed to a well-managed home, and really think things go right of themselves until something happens to throw the trouble on their own shoulders. "Man," says Thoreau, "is continually saying to woman, 'Why art thou not more wise?'

Woman is continually saying to man, 'Why art thou not more loving?' Until each is both wise and loving there can be no real growth."

It is this want of consideration, combined with the belief that housekeeping is the easiest thing in the world, that makes Mr Spiffington insist on his friends Brown, Jones, and Robinson coming to dinner the very day the cook's mother got ill, and that excellent domestic asked with tears in her eyes to be allowed home in consequence. He never thinks of warning his wife, who had ordered a modest repast just sufficient for two, and thinks it quite ridiculous she should be so overwhelmed. Couldn't Anne or Mary see to things just as well as cook? He never reflects that the former is a young person whose fingers are all thumbs, and that the latter, though possessed of some culinary knowledge, cannot at the same time prepare two or three extra dishes and wait at table. How indignant he would be, and how earnestly he'd move for an adjournment, if his great case of "Rogers *v.* Podgers and another" was brought forward without due notice! One never hears of a woman bringing home two or three friends to dinner unexpectedly; she

knows that unless the domestic arrangements are on a very large scale, warning and preparation are necessary, and that even where they are not, the mistress of the house likes to be apprised beforehand if particular guests are invited.

Still harder is it for poor little Mrs Goodchild, when Adolphus, meeting Lady Dashaway at the top of Westbourne Terrace with her daughter Arabella, for whom he had a *penchant* long ago, insists on them coming back with him then and there to make his wife's acquaintance. If there is anyone in the world before whom Mrs G. would like to appear at her best it is Arabella, but this particular day she feels out of sorts, and is lying on a couch when the impatient ring at the visitors' bell startles her. She dresses hastily and hurries down, but her hair is rough, and she knows her eyes are red; in her confusion she took the first gown at hand, which happens to be unbecoming, and so goes to meet Miss Dashaway, dressed to perfection, and coldly critical of "Dolly Goodchild's wife." When they leave, Adolphus is furious; what on earth did she do to make herself such a fright, and why did she

wear that old thing? Had she nothing decent to put on? and more to that effect, as if she was to blame, and not he.

No one ever knew human nature better than Thackeray, and the type of man he sketches in George Osborne is as true to life to-day as at the date of the battle of Waterloo. Most people have met those gay, charming, pleasant fellows, always on good terms with themselves, who run into debt, and never deny themselves what they fancy, as long as by any means they can come at the wherewithal to purchase it. Their children may want new boots, and their wives have worn the same winter mantle year after year, but "papa" must always have his little luxuries; he could not bear to be otherwise than elegantly dressed, though every tailor in Bond Street went bankrupt; his glass of good wine, well-served dinner, and choice cigar are indispensable, for he is a man of taste, with a discriminating palate, and the cold mutton with which Mrs Littlecash contents herself would be odious to him. He does not prevent her doing as she likes, of course, he often says. It is no use increasing such a man's income, for his expenses grow in pro-

portion; he never can keep his head over water, and very little comfort has the sad-hearted wife out of the unpaid-for splendour with which he loves to surround himself. Two scenes from *Vanity Fair* depict this character as well as a volume of details. In one, good-natured Dobbin remonstrates against the style of the dinner given by George on the return of the party from Brighton. "I've always been accustomed to travel like a gentleman," George said, "and my wife shall travel like a lady. As long as there is a shot in the locker *she* shall want for nothing," said the generous fellow, quite pleased with himself for his magnificence of spirit. Nor did Dobbin try and convince him that Amelia's happiness was not centred in turtle soup." Again, how full of pith are these few words:—"Amelia had risen very early in the morning, and packed her little trunks with the greatest alacrity, while Osborne lay in bed deploring that she had not a maid to help her." One of the most charming men in society that I ever met was of this kind. He had a taste for literature, and, loving adventure, plunged into difficulties that anyone else would have sunk

under, but never lost his gaiety and *bonhomie.* Let him get an unexpected fifty pounds: in vain his wife might plead that a few of the more pressing creditors should be staved off—the impertinent butcher and the importunate baker satisfied. He would laugh pleasantly at her fears, and return home in the evening with a lovely bouquet or a pretty fan for her, the rest of the money having somehow vanished. On one occasion he borrowed money off the Jews, and spent it, in fewer hours than there were pounds, at cards or otherwise. He was leaving home at the time, and in his absence the money-lenders came down on the wife, who, in consequence of his magnificent ideas, was struggling almost hopelessly to keep a roof over her children's heads. She wrote to him—he had nothing to send her. With terrible pinching and difficulty she succeeded in paying off by instalments the claim and the usurious interest thereto attached. When her husband returned, a friend, remonstrating with him on his conduct, said, "How could you go to such people for cash? I'd have thought a child would have known what blood-suckers they are." Did he plead absolute need

of money, debts of honour, necessity?—no such thing. He thrust his hands in his pockets, leant back in his chair, smiled genially, and said, in an explanatory tone, "Well, of course, it *was* foolish, very foolish, but—to be candid with you—my principal reason was that, having always read and heard of Levi and Co., my curiosity was roused, and I wanted to get a little experience of what they were really like: it would come in very usefully in my novel." His friend started up indignantly. "Good gracious, man, you purchased your experience second-hand. It was your wife that suffered, not you: she had to face it out while you were Lord knows where."

Whether his explanation was truth or bravado I do not know, but the novel has not yet appeared.

It has often struck me that in families where rich bachelor relations exist they do remarkably little good; having none of my own the remark is quite disinterested. One of my acquaintances is a widow lady, having two or three children to provide for. A wealthy brother of her late husband frequently dines at her house, gets a bed whenever he is in town, and asks

her to do for him many little services from time to time, but he never—or hardly ever—thinks of bringing a toy for Maudie or Alec, or a present for herself, of treating the family occasionally to stalls at the theatre, or a box at the opera, or giving them any little pleasure at his expense, as he very easily could, since his income is considerably more than that on which the widow educates her boys and girls, and keeps up an establishment in comfort. The sister-in-law, being one of the best little women in the world, always makes him welcome, and never hints that he might in some fashion return the compliment, but I am sure she feels it just the same.

So many men—chiefly unmarried these—have an aversion to correspondence, and, having made a firm resolution never to do anything they do not like, stick to it through thick and thin. The amount of trouble given to their families in consequence cannot be overestimated. Mothers may be poor, sentimental creatures, but they do love to hear how their boys are getting on in India or at the Cape, or even up in London, and, as they are foolish enough to feel hurt at months of silence and

neglect, Tom, Dick, or Harry *might* stretch a point to humour them. They won't live for ever, and sometimes, when it is too late, sons have heartache at the thought of pleasure they could have given and did not. I know one young fellow who starts off on walking tours and other excursions occupying from one week to ten, and during that time never communicates with those at home unless compelled by lack of funds, when he expends sixpence on a telegram bearing, besides his name and address, the magic words, "Send cash." I know another who put his people in immense inconvenience about law business because he absolutely would not take the trouble of replying to some questions asked by letter. A girl would be considered eccentric—to put it mildly—if she acted thus, but no one expresses a doubt of the sanity of these gentlemen; they merely say, "You know what a queer fellow he is," or "How much he dislikes writing!" or "You must make allowances for John; he has such an aversion to pen-and-ink."

Now, my dear good sir, do not say I am severe. It is the last thing I'd like to be, and am sure that in your heart you know I am not.

You of course do not deserve a word of reproach on any point mentioned, but there are others who are in fault, or at any rate we women think they are, which comes to the same thing as far as we are concerned. Don't you agree with me that those I complain of acted badly in the examples given? You do. Well, you may believe me that each had its counterpart in real life, and my earnest desire is that these remarks may meet the eyes of the guilty ones. Men who are impolite, vain, selfish, and so forth, seldom or never hear the truth about themselves, while women are constantly being lectured on their faults. I cannot therefore resist the temptation of telling them for once what we think of some of them. It would not be safe to say it to their faces, of course, for they'd deny it and get quarrelsome. Now, I hate quarrels, so ask you quietly to pass this book over to Snooks when you have done with it. Every word applies to him, and the reproof may do good.

A party of friends were speaking of a girl obliged through sudden loss of fortune to earn her living, when a good-natured young fellow said, "It is a shame that ladies should have to

work; men ought to work for them, it is their place." This was charming in theory though impossible in practice, and only men as kind-hearted as himself would express the sentiment, unless when arguing down a be-spectacled upholder of "woman's rights." Then it might do, sounding, moreover, nice and magnanimous, but it is not everyone who puts it in practice in private life. Mind, I do not pity girls for having to work: it is grand to be independent, and truly dignified to prefer honest labour to living on one's friends. Besides, work in one shape or another is not only the absolute duty of women of all ranks, but a comfort in sorrow, a safeguard in temptation, a panacea for ill-temper, and the declared enemy of mischief, whose mother, saith the proverb, is Idleness. Again, do not think I'd like a man to come home cold and weary from his office, or from a day's ride in the wet over his land, or even from tramping through turnip fields after pheasants—though that is supposed to be pleasure,—and find no arm chair drawn to the blazing fire, no slippers toasting, no dressing-gown in readiness, no tea, creamed and sugared to a nicety, at hand, no sign of a loving woman's

care for his comfort visible. Far from it. What I object to is that some men allow ladies to take the lion's share of the trouble in occupations and amusements which both sexes share in common, and even make their womankind fetch and carry for them, like well-trained retrievers. Jack meets his sister Amy in town. She has been shopping, and some of her purchases are things he asked her to buy for him, so she is laden with a variety of small bags and parcels. The day is rainy; with one hand she clutches her packages and tries to keep her skirts out of the mud, while with the other she endeavours to hold up her umbrella in the teeth of the wind. Does her brother offer to relieve her of some of her encumbrances? He never thinks of it, because, like all men, he has an objection to carrying such things. So has poor Amy, but needs must at times, and when a man and a woman both dislike something that has to be done, it is generally the latter who does it.

How often young men say to their sister, "Run up to my room, Nellie, for so-and-so," "Get me this or that, Kate, like a good girl," but if Nellie or Kate, in their turn, sent them about the house on messages, they would be

vastly surprised, and wonder what the world was coming to. Have you ever seen young fellows allow their sisters to mark out the tennis ground, put up the net, bring out balls and rackets, then, when all was ready, fling away their cigarettes and join in the fun?

Here it must be confessed that some girls have themselves to thank if they find, not only their masculine relations, but their friends and acquaintances, treat them with scant courtesy. They make too little of themselves. They spoil young men by neither expecting nor exacting deference, and would feel almost embarrassed if it was shown to them. They reverse the old order of things; they do the wooing; they are unhappy if they have not a man (though not necessarily a husband *in posse*) by their side, and, to secure this, no loss of dignity stops them. Past pleasant villas by the Thames, or over the rippling sea, one watches the boats glide on summer evenings. The plash of the oars comes soothingly to the ear; one hears the sound of merry voices, and snatches of merry song. "A lover and his lass," thinks the listener with a smile, and pictures the rower resting a moment on his oars, his hand-

some bronzed face bent forward as he murmurs to his mistress, who sits back, a dainty, graceful figure, the ropes loosely held in her white fingers as she smiles at his eager words. No, no, my good sir or madam, you are dreaming of the fashion of bygone days. Look at the reality. It is the lady who plies the oar, and strains and tugs with flushed forehead and hair blown by the evening breeze, while, cool and comfortable, her lover lies at full length and lazily steers with the current. I assure you you are mistaken; if they were nearer you would see they are no "Arry and Mary Jane" down from London for "an outing"; she is Miss Vernon, of The Priory—you know the family,—and he is Captain Melville, old Lord Roebuck's nephew. Fact, I assure you, but she is one of those whose ambition it is to be described as "jolly girls, with no nonsense about them"—indifferent praise did they but know it, and were they but aware how their attendant cavaliers would resent its application to their own sisters. Alas! they do not know, so flirt, flatter, and smile, until one cannot wonder if poor Mr Calfington's feeble brain is turned, if he thinks himself irresistible, an

Adonis, a gay Lothario, and gives himself such airs in consequence as render him odious to any girl of a different stamp. Even men of a better mental calibre are intoxicated by the homage they receive. For a time it is delightful, but, as De Savary says, "the woman who throws herself at a man's head will soon find her place at his feet," and, after a course of so-called love affairs, most men come to despise the adulation and the adulators. Their ideal, if they ever possessed one, is cast from its throne. They cannot see, in the forward, flirting girls they meet at every turn, any principle worthy of respect: there is a dreadful similarity between them all. One is as bold, as ready to go to almost any length as the other; and the young man subjected to such influence, thrown on the world of London, and far from home, with its sweet, peaceful, holy associations, too often develops a cynicism as to the existence of modesty and virtue in woman-kind for which he is hardly to blame, but which would break his mother's heart if he confessed it to her.

Reader, do you think I exaggerate? Assuredly, if you mix ever so little in our modern world, if you have been present at even one

large gathering, if those near and dear to you come back to tell what they have seen, you *know* I do not.

And now I must conclude a paper which has grown to a length unintended at its commencement, and, perhaps, in parts more serious than some may like. It is difficult to write lightly when one feels deeply, and all must admit my words are true.

V.

THE VANITY OF MEN.

V.

THE VANITY OF MEN.

"Die Männer auch sind Eitel, . . . "—*Seidl.*

An old proverb advises people who live in glass houses not to throw stones, while a second rebukes the folly of the kettle that called another kitchen utensil black. Both may be recommended to the attentive consideration of the large body of gentlemen who never tire of expatiating on the vanity of women-kind. We certainly are vain; a woman superior to the weakness is an anomaly, but is vanity the distinctive and exclusive failing of our sex? What says Thackeray? "The girls have only to turn the tables, and say of one of themselves—'She is as vain as a man,' and they will have perfect reason. The bearded creatures are quite as eager for praise, quite as finikin over their toilettes, quite as

proud of their personal advantages, quite as conscious of their powers of fascination, as any coquette in the world." I do love to have Thackeray on my side; he knew men so well, far better than women, except bad specimens, and then, being a man, he cannot be suspected of bias. If one of my masculine readers, himself perhaps free from the failing, should say he does not believe vanity exists among the Lords of Creation, he must acknowledge that everyone feels most a shaft aimed at his weakest point. Now women have discovered—some to their cost—that a man will pardon anything rather than a wound to his vanity. For instance, a girl must exercise the utmost tact in rejecting the advances of an unwelcome admirer, if she does not wish to make him an enemy for life. It is a great misfortune for any girl to have an enemy of her own sex, for there is no woman so stupid or so powerless as to be unable to injure another, but it is infinitely worse to incur the dislike of a man. If a girl is young and pretty, men are naturally inclined to take her part against other women, and set down anything said in her disfavour to envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, but

what they hear from a fellow-man impresses them—a remark at the clubs, a vague expression of disapproval, coupled with the sudden cessation of the gentleman's attentions, and the business is done. Men imagine there must be something strange, something disagreeable about the lady, and avoid her without knowing exactly why. For example, a young girl, finding reason to object to the attentions and conversation of a gentleman, declined dancing with him. He was mortally offended, for he guessed her motives. Being a man who went out greatly, and mixed in the same set as she did, they frequently met in the same room. His coolness to her was so evident, he made such biting remarks about her to other men, and so impressed those who knew nothing of the true state of the case, that he formed quite a clique against her, while, seeing all this, yet being powerless to prevent it, she suffered deeply. Precisely those things that one never gets an opportunity of explaining, injure one irreparably. If you fire up, and say—"No gentleman would act so!" I like you all the better for your indignation, and quite agree with you, but similar things have been done over and over

by men of good family, irreproachably dressed, and belonging to the best society, when angered by a slight, sometimes unintentional, on the part of a girl they admired. Base feelings are not confined to any sex or class, nor are despicable actions committed only by persons of low origin and little education. I have known peasants with the instincts of a Bayard, and noblemen who proved themselves no better than clowns.

It is the vanity of men that leads numbers of them to think they can have any girl they like for the asking. Very mediocre young men talk in the loftiest way of their intention of "marrying blood," or of "marrying money," according to circumstances, and their hearers cannot help wondering if they will find it as easy as they think to induce blood or money to marry them. It fairly astonishes one to hear Mr Littlecash means to propose for Miss Million. Can he ever have considered what he has to offer her in exchange for the luxury in which she was reared? If he intends to live on her income, and if Papa Million will let him, it is all very well, but his own possessions are straight features, pale skin, reddish (he

says auburn) hair and moustache, a rather good figure, certain suits of clothes, and £250 a year. He waltzes well and has a nice voice, but alas! as the world is constituted, pensions are not bestowed on those skilled in either accomplishment.

Elderly men sometimes propose for girls thirty and more years their juniors, and seem to see no incongruity in such an alliance. If the union of

"Youth and crabbed age"

is gilded by wealth and a title, some, alas! may be found to barter their happiness for gold or rank, but, when neither is offered, the bait is not tempting. Though some marriages are very happy despite a great disparity in years between husband and wife, I used to think the man entered on such an alliance with a certain amount of misgiving as to his power of making the girl happy, which circumstances fortunately proved needless, but have since learned that this is not always the case! For instance, a retired officer, and of course not rich, a widower, father of a large and unruly family, placed his hand and heart at the disposal of a girl of twenty. She had looked on the old gentle-

man as one who might have been her father at the least, and took all his compliments as the agreeable nothings elderly gentlemen are privileged to say. Great then was her astonishment on receiving a letter from him (as a school-boy friend with sisters tersely puts it, "old chaps always write"), in which he proposed to make her head of his house, and offered as an agreeable recreation the bringing into order of ill-reared rebellious lads and girls, some of whom were about her own age. The prospect did not smile on the damsel, so she wrote a civil excuse, thanking him, according to the usual form, for "the honour he had done her," but begging to decline it. Some time after Major Z. told a mutual friend of his want of success, when the latter expressed surprise that he had tried his fate in such an unlikely quarter, and suggested that, as Miss K. was younger than his eldest son, he could hardly have expected her to jump at his offer. This view of the case amazed the old gentleman. "I assure you," he gasped; "I assure you you are quite mistaken. She told me herself that she thanked me for the *honour* I had done her."

There are some men, and these chiefly no longer young, who go through life with an "I'm on my guard, you don't catch me" sort of manner, which is founded on vanity, and is calculated to fill women with amusement if not with indignation. These gentlemen may rest assured that all their partners are not "making a set at them," nor are they in most instances favourably impressed, though politeness may prevent them administering a downright snub, or coquetry, and a spice of malice, may lead them to flatter their cavalier's delusion.

Such terribly cautious old stagers have generally a fair income,—their chief possession next to their opinion of themselves. They are usually secured in the end by some unworthy woman, who is bent solely on "making a good match," or astonish the world by wedding their cook, and atone, as it were, for previous overcautiousness, by walking blindfold into a palpable snare.

Of course, if we get suitors who win our hearts, we are delighted if they ask us to marry them, but be it understood that all girls are not engaged in husband-hunting any more

than all men are engaged in fortune-hunting. A very large proportion of our sex do not consider an uncongenial husband better than none. Many who live and die unwedded have had excellent offers, and refused them because they could not bring themselves to care sufficiently for their wooers; others, having "loved and lost," remain faithful to a memory; more have been in some way separated or estranged from the object of their affections, and never filled his place. Thus they indirectly choose the single state. Men say every woman would marry if she could. So she might—one particular man, but, failing him, we are not all of the stuff that puts up with a substitute. Old maidenhood has perforce lost many of its terrors for the girls of this generation. We are constantly being told that if every bachelor in the world got married to-morrow, about eighty-five thousand spinsters (odious word!) would still remain unmated. We therefore learn early to be prepared for a fate which is inevitable for a large number.

Our younger brothers are fond of making before strangers a statement of the exact number of minutes we take to dress on any given occasion, but the elder ones are not

much behind us on this score. What girl is more particular about the sit of dress or habit than a modern young man as to that of his coat or tie; nor in our grandfather's days were things different. "These are our failures!" said Beau Brummel's valet tragically, as he descended the stairs, both arms filled to overflowing with slightly crushed cravats. I know a young man whose dressing-table is covered with every perfume, pomade, and cosmetic advertised; he has little pots full of stuff for whitening the skin and little jars whose contents produce instantaneous crops of hair. He certainly is the only one of my masculine acquaintances who takes care of his complexion, but many lads lately from college spend a good portion of their pocket money on "whiskerine," or "cappelline," and other infallible nostrums.

Gentlemen are fond of giving sly hits at our weakness in conforming to the fashion; some tell us to choose once for all a pretty, picturesque costume that suits us, and keep to it: very good advice in its way, but an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory, and, as far as one can see, they adopt every varying mode in hat-brims, neckties, and handkerchiefs.

Their dress on the whole may not change much, but the details alter incessantly. Which of them now wears a Byronic collar? Have we not seen men with long necks, short necks, fat necks, thin necks, and no necks, all swathed in rigid linen bands, that could be worn with ease by a giraffe only? and then they tell us men study comfort alone, and are superior to the dictates of fashion!

If men are not vain, why do they so dislike clever girls, and hate women who are their equals or almost their equals in ability? They conjure up a bugbear compounded of the blue-stocking *Précieuses Ridicules* of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and a Lady Orator as represented in comic prints, and with this delightful but non-existent personage in their mind, they declare that clever women are intolerable, as indeed they would be if they resembled the fancy portrait. They take it for granted that Miss Doublefirst, whom they have never seen, must be ugly, elderly, and tiresome, for nothing is more calculated to spoil a girl's prospects with a certain class of men than a reputation for talent. If either man or woman is a bore, their fellow creatures are justified in avoiding them,

but it should not be decided beyond yea and nay that one belongs to that category, simply because she is accounted clever. I have known of men being charmed by unknown young ladies whom they brought down to dinner, and whose names as usual they did not catch. Nothing could equal their astonishment at hearing later their agreeable acquaintances were celebrated in art or literature. Had they been told beforehand, they probably would have been a little afraid, spoken in monosyllables on indifferent subjects, and gone home more prejudiced than ever against females with brains. A woman may be a lady even if richly endowed by nature.

In a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, a writer, speaking of the Crown Princess of Germany, says—"Her Royal Highness once asked a certain Prussian General, before his friends, who was Consul at Rome in a particular year. Naturally that distinguished officer has from that day been more Bismarckian than the *North German Gazette*, or the *Post* itself." "Naturally," mark you! If a distinguished man made a lifelong enemy of a powerful woman by incautiously asking a question to

which she could not reply correctly, would not many be found to speak of her wounded vanity and feminine spite? Why should we not be encouraged to use our gifts? It is ridiculous to speak as if the cultivation of our minds robbed us of domestic tastes; some writer truly says—"A woman will never desert her child for a quadratic equation." Some of the best housekeepers and most charming hostesses living are women of rare and highly cultivated mental power, while the most idle, inveterate gad-abouts and gossips, the worst mistresses and most careless mothers, devoted to society and aimless chatter, have been half-educated and empty-headed girls.

Men often are attracted to a foolish woman simply by her undisguised admiration for them, but though it is pleasant to flirt with a pretty silly lassie, she never seems as charming when one has settled down to spend a lifetime at her side. Her blunders, social or otherwise, her want of tact never seem as excusable after marriage as before. Husbands think Ada or Emma disimproved, she used to be much nicer; but the fact is they see more clearly. It gratified their vanity to hear her say during their court-

ship—"Oh, how clever you are, dear!" or "Don't talk to me about this or that; it is all very well for a genius like you, but take pity on poor little me; you know I'm stupid." Afterwards, when they want some one who can occasionally act for herself, take in difficulties at a glance, or even advise prudently, what are they to do?—what do they do? Too often scold the poor wife for being what she always was. As an Irish girl amusingly said—"Some men will marry a nigger, and then beat her for being black."

No one can advance a man, especially a man engaged in public life, like a clever wife, an intelligent and foreseeing woman. It may be taken for granted that if such a woman marries the right man, there is nothing she cannot do for and by him. Why then should brains be considered useless to a girl? Is vacuity desirable? Can it be that modern youths are sensible of their own deficiencies, and so prefer the partners least likely to find them out. That, in fact, they agree with Mrs Poyser—"If th' A'mighty made the women foolish, 'twas to match the men."

Nothing places a man as far above his fellow-creatures in his own estimation as being a good

dancer. Who so fastidious as he who has gained a certain ball-room reputation? He considers that perfect waltzing atones for the deadly sins, and compensates for the lack of the cardinal virtues. Have ye not seen him, my sisters? know ye not over well his airs of self-satisfaction? have ye not watched him pick and choose partners as if he was a conceited young beauty of seventeen? One does not generally observe as much vanity among men renowned as athletes, bold riders, or dead shots, as amongst those who excel in what may be termed essentially ladylike accomplishments, or dabblers in art or literature. Genius and vanity generally exist in inverse ratios; they are sometimes, though rarely, combined, as in Victor Hugo, but the latter quality only serves to make the former ridiculous, especially when it afflicts one who is by no means a Victor Hugo in other respects. A young man, who had written a couple of novelettes, once said to me with the utmost seriousness—"Competent judges consider my success to be unprecedented, not only in the nineteenth century but in the annals of literature." This was pretty strong, but I quote his speech word for word. I really

thought he was joking, and looked up with a smile, but instantly perceived my error. The man was in sober earnest, and, had I laughed, would probably not have forgiven me. If my readers could have the pleasure which was granted me of reading one of those novelettes! (I was unable to finish the second), they would better appreciate the modesty of the fledgling who, according to his own account, left Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante in the shade. Even if one is an admirable Crichton, simplicity and absence of assumption add so great a charm to talents and accomplishments that one cannot but wish they were more cultivated. After all men as well as women may reflect that there are few so handsome, so gifted, so amusing, that dozens of others may not be found in the world who are handsomer, wiser, and wittier.

VI

MEN AND MONEY MATTERS.

VI.

MEN AND MONEY MATTERS.

"For money matters are the test
Whereby one knows his neighbour best;
Not one in ten your work will do
As he would wish it done by you."

Old Play.

SCRUPULOUS honour in money matters is to a man what virtue is to a woman. The slightest defect on this point cannot be condoned, overlooked, nor covered by any number of perfections. Nothing would affect me personally with such distrust and dislike for anyone, as hearing of a shabby action or a trifling meanness into which he fell. As indications of character such lapses are infallible; as well might one try to build on a quicksand, as to depend on one who is not above suspicion of shiftiness. The number of men, gentlemen by birth and education, who have a confirmed weakness in money matters is really amazing. None would

credit it who had not some experience, at least at second hand, for men with this fatal defect are frequently genial companions, "good fellows" all round, and in every way charming, were it not for their lack of principle. Ladies in particular have little opportunity of finding them out, if they meet merely as agreeable acquaintances.

Shakiness in money matters is a vice of the impecunious upper classes; lower in the social sphere it degenerates into practices which ensure board and lodging at Her Majesty's expense, in return for arduous daily labour. Business men have their business reputation to consider, and, if they are not downright swindlers, are seldom guilty of small shabbinesses, perhaps because they find that honesty is the best policy; but amongst men moving in Society, it is not at all uncommon to meet some "who, being too proud to beg, and too honest to steal, borrow" even from servants, and conveniently forget to repay. Taking part in amusements got up by subscription, and neglecting to send one's contribution; giving commissions to friends in town, but enclosing no cheque to defray expenses

taking a cab with another, and walking off in a fit of abstraction leaving that other to settle with Jehu; asking a friend to "turn in" while passing a theatre, letting him get both tickets, and failing to recoup him later, or offering to do so in such a way that he is forced to refuse it,—all these, and many more, come under the head of everyday shabbinesses, perpetrated by people who consider their actions irreproachable. The loser is invariably unwilling to ask for his money, unless he happens to be one of the same stamp as the gainer, when he is sure to be exact in having his little claims settled, or at least in giving broad hints that payment would be acceptable. A generous or high-minded man does not like to remind his careless friend of the trifle owed, as he might if the sum was large, for he fears to appear stingy and grasping, so the slippery one is rarely put to shame, while his friends continue to lose small amounts, that come in the aggregate to something considerable. If anyone had the moral courage to mention the subject, Slippery would probably pay, and blame his "wretched memory" for not having done so before, but there are some things no one is justified in forgetting,

and which no man of really good principles ever does forget for any considerable time.

That there are women who act in much the same way cannot be denied, and such conduct is odious, whether in man or woman, but, according to the world's defective code of morals, it is, like cowardice, more disgraceful in a man. If they are to fail, we expect failings on a nobler scale.

Sometimes such persons are good-natured, though careless, and are willing to do as much for another as they themselves accept,—the greater the pity in such cases that they allow their laxity in money matters to become habitual; in all their dealings men should avoid, not merely doing wrong, but the very appearance of wrong. The greater number of the shifty, however, are really mean, and though they never do anything likely to get them into prison, can no more resist taking advantage of others when they get a chance, than a cat can help stealing fish. To give an illustration of how they act, I cite the following example:—Two friends of mine, the elder a girl about seventeen, the younger thirteen, were sent to live with a family abroad, in order

to learn German. When remittances from home (sometimes very large ones) reached them, they were accustomed to ask an acquaintance to change the money, which was always sent in the form of drafts of a noted provincial bank on the Bank of England, so that, granted of course that these drafts were genuine, the financial stability of private persons was not in any way called into question. My friends asked the gentleman, firstly because at that time they were not very proficient in the language, and secondly because they objected to pushing their way through the crowded bank unless obliged, for English ladies in Germany are unmercifully stared at. He always consented readily, bringing them on each occasion, for every £10, two hundred marks, and making no allowance for the difference between English and German currency, which is about fifty pfennigs, or 6d. in the pound. This went on for nearly a year, until once, on going themselves, they were surprised at receiving several marks to which they did not know they were entitled, and so were led to make inquiries. The result was that, though at first incredulous, they came to see that

Mr —— must on each occasion have pocketed the difference.

As they entrusted him with no more cheques, he began to suspect that they doubted him, so went to the bank and requested the officials not to change cheques for the English girls in future, unless presented or endorsed by himself. Foreign bankers are timid. Though all previous cheques cashed were duly honoured, they feared something must be wrong when a customer took on himself to warn them. Accordingly, the next time the young ladies presented themselves, the cashier was very sorry. He regretted extremely to refuse them, but unless the order was endorsed by Mr ——, and passed through his account, it could not in future be cashed there. The English girls saw at once whose manœuvring inspired this new regulation, and, being very indignant, determined at first to go elsewhere, as they knew another bank where they could get their money directly. On consideration, however, they rightly or wrongly thought that, if they did not return, the bankers might think Mr —— had refused to endorse the draft, and so a slur would be cast on their financial position,

which might seem to justify his previous action. Had they been older and less timid they would not have troubled about what was thought of them, but being as they were, they applied to Mr ——, asking him to endorse the order. This he had hoped and expected. He did as they requested, but when they wanted it back he refused to give it, saying not to trouble themselves, his clerk would go at once with it to Messrs Oppenheim. When the clerk returned, his master sent up the money, minus all the difference between English and German currency, accompanied by a little note, which ran somewhat as follows :—

"Rate of exchange this day on £40 English, =800 marks.
(It should have been at least 820 marks.)
Commission deducted for endorsing and cashing cheque, with loss of messenger's time, ... 5 „

Handed to Miss Star, . . . 795 marks."

On reading this they at once saw how foolish they had been not to have gone to the other bank, but it was then too late. They had lost 25 marks by the transaction,—little enough if you will, yet too much out of which to be swindled. I suppose every time he stopped the interest, which sometimes on large sums was

considerable, he satisfied his conscience by saying he kept it for his trouble.

Women forced by circumstances to act for themselves consider it a great hardship that their men of business, agents, solicitors, and so forth, seldom act by them as they would by a man. They are more dilatory, unsatisfactory, and exorbitant. If their client is anxious about her affairs, they often say, "My dear madam," or "My dear young lady, you really need not worry yourself," and affect to treat her fears as due to her ignorance of business matters, while if a man asked the same questions they would not venture to reply in the same tone of semi-contemptuous carelessness. No man would stand it. I have known a lady to lose heavily because her lawyer set aside as unnecessary some queries she was anxious to have answered. The sequel proved her right and him wrong, but that was small consolation.

If a woman of property has not a husband to back her up, how exacting are her tenants. Their demands never cease, while these very people show themselves tractable, reasonable, and submissive when dealing with a man. If a lady wishes to buy or sell a house, a horse, or

anything else, she is almost sure to be imposed on unless a male relation acts for her.

Even in shops, ladies are less promptly attended to than men. My brother and I sent tennis costumes to be cleaned. He got his back without delay, but though I waited patiently mine was not forthcoming. At last I called at the shop; the attendant did not think the dress would be ready for another week. "How is it then that Mr So and So's things were sent so soon? They were all left here the same day." "A gentleman's clothes are always seen to before a lady's, Miss," was the reply; and the rule holds good as regards many other things.

Women are in a thousand ways unfairly dealt with in money matters by men. Amongst the working classes they are offered wages which the luckier sex would promptly refuse; a little higher in the social scale, female clerks are happy to get a salary half or a third less than a man's; in fact, no matter what is the trade or occupation to which a woman takes, from domestic service up, she is expected, solely because of her sex, to work for less. All this is very hard to be borne by sensible capable women, who feel that they should be dealt with

in money matters just as their husbands, sons, or cousins expect to be, and generally are.

A large class of men, young, strong, and capable when they choose, are not ashamed to sponge on their parents, or on relations, even when these are women. As long as their wants are supplied they care not whence the money comes, and the only way to make them exert themselves is to cut off their resources. Such characters are, I venture to think, commoner amongst men than women. Though we are, from the very nature of things, dependent on others as a rule, and brought up to that dependence, it is only affection that makes the position tolerable. It is rare to find a girl, unwillingly supported by her friends, who makes herself easy in such a position, and is not sincerely desirous of escaping from it, even at the expense of uncongenial labour, although she may have been reared in luxury, and although conventional prejudices and the difficulty of obtaining suitable employment are against her.

Besides men who sponge on their relations, there are some ready to take anything they can from friends or acquaintances, and that even when the latter are poorer than them-

selves. They never give anything in return, and are, of course, cordially hated, but they seldom get paid out. One did, however, whom I shall call Mr Stingy. He had an acquaintance named Liberal, a member of that large class whose incomes just suffice to dress them like gentlemen, pay their way, and leave no surplus. Stingy, besides having a rich father, made a good deal by his profession, but he was never known to spend a farthing on anyone except himself, while he cheerfully took all he could. How it came about I know not, but one day, in a burst of generosity of which he soon repented, and hoping perhaps to be refused, he asked Liberal, who had often befriended him, to dine on a certain day. Liberal, not a little surprised, accepted. The day came, and he with it. He found Stingy brushing his hat, and making other preparation to leave his office. After some desultory conversation, the latter said—"You must excuse me, old boy, I have to catch a train. Going down to Kingston. Ta, ta."

"To Kingston!" repeated Liberal, in astonishment. "Why, I,—why you,—that is to say, you asked me to dine with you to-day."

"Asked you to dine with me to-day?"

"Yes, at the club last Monday evening. Don't you remember? You said Wednesday, at seven sharp."

"Well, if so, I had quite forgotten. You must come some other day; this is a particular appointment—a lady, in fact. I promised to meet her; you see I cannot avoid it. So sorry."

"Oh! all right," said the other. "It's of no consequence. Don't apologise," and off he went.

Seven struck as he was passing a well-known restaurant, so he turned in, purposing to dine, and then go to the theatre. The first person he met, at the first table, was his friend who was going to Kingston.

"Missed the train," he explained, in some confusion, in answer to a wondering "Halloa! you here!" "No use going now until to-morrow. Sit down, we may as well dine together after all.

Liberal felt suspicious and angry. He would have refused, but the thought struck him that, as Stingy had made such a frantic effort to get out of the invitation, it would be a pity to spare him, so he took a seat.

"What will you take?"

Liberal consulted the *menu* and made his choice. The pair had an excellent repast, and at its conclusion the waiter came with the reckoning, which he presented to Stingy, presuming him to be the host. Stingy glanced at the total, took out his purse, laid down *half* the amount, plus some coppers for the attendant, and passed the bill over to the man who thought he was his guest.

Liberal, in deep but silent disgust, produced his share, and laid it down likewise. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him; he would have his revenge, come what might, and pay the fellow in his own coin.

"Waiter!" he said, "let us have a bottle of——," and he named the most expensive wine on the list, a rare and costly vintage, one bottle of which far exceeded in price the sum of their dinners.

Stingy brightened immediately. This was unlooked-for good fortune. Liberal was evidently going to stand treat. The wine was brought. Liberal passed the bottle to his *vis-a-vis*, then helped himself plentifully, repeatedly, until he had as much as he cared to take. When his

last glass was nearly exhausted, he suddenly started, stared at vacancy through the window behind his companion.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said, gulping down the remaining contents. "There's a fellow just passing to whom I must say a word."

He seized his hat, rushed off, and did not return, leaving Stingy to pay for the wine,—as neat a case of the biter bitten as well could be, and told everywhere next day by Liberal with great gusto.

VII.

OBJECTIONABLE LOVERS.

VII.

OBJECTIONABLE LOVERS.

"There's nothing but trouble, dear, with or without."

Old Song.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.
One foot on sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."

Friar of Orders Grey.

WHETHER a girl is in a worse position with or without lovers, is really difficult to say. Each situation has its disadvantages. A nice lover is of course delightful, but if the one we want is "backward in coming forward," while a crowd of indifferent people present themselves with intent to fascinate, or if Mr Right makes his appearance, and, having been graciously received, develops jealousy and combativeness till life is made burthensome, our last state becomes worse than the first. A coquette may take pleasure in her conquests, and delight in

playing off one of her cavaliers against another, but even she has sometimes a bad quarter of an hour trying to prevent Harry from quarrelling with Dick, or persuading Bertie to tolerate Fred. Girls of a different temperament get very little enjoyment out of more admirers than one at a time, and even one is often difficult to manage. Men sometimes seem to think that "if a lassie has a laddie," her cup of happiness is full, and do not reflect that wooers can make themselves disagreeable at times.

To show the reverse of the metal, I beg to introduce a well-known character,—the jealous lover.

No man who is in love is free from jealousy, and for some disagreeables on this point we must all be prepared; but when it is carried to excess, when a girl dares not speak civilly to another man, dance with him unless positively obliged, praise him or anything connected with him, accept his escort, or the smallest service at his hands, without bringing down a storm of reproaches on her head of groundless taunts on her fickleness, her vanity, her love of admiration, of vague threats that she will live to repent it, and dark hints at suicide, she comes

to ask herself—Is the game worth the candle? for nothing wears out the most devoted affection sooner. So hackneyed are the lines—

"Trifles light as air
Seem to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ,"

that but for their exact expression of the truth I would forbear to quote them. Our jealous lovers see what no one else does, and suspect a hundred times more than they see; of explanations they take no heed, and many a girl who reads this will remember tears shed and pain suffered over ridiculous accusations of preference shown to some person or other. I know at least one whose eye may scan this page, who will recollect a weary night spent in watching the distant light in her lover's room, trembling with fear at every sound (she was *very* young and foolish then), lest he should, as he fiercely threatened, blow out his brains. "He didn't, though—they very seldom do."

Next on the list of objectionable lovers comes one who may or may not belong to that class, according to the feelings of his *inamorata;* this is the man who is determined. If he has the ghost of a chance, his perseverance makes it a certainty; he accepts no refusal, takes no rebuff,

turns up again and again when least expected, and finally gets his own way. If his adored one really does not care for him, and is as obstinate as himself, she finds him terribly trying, while a weak-minded woman is fairly worried into accepting him, especially if, as it often happens, such a suitor has much to recommend him, and her family join with her friends in daily asking how she can refuse one so devoted and eligible.

"Why did you marry Mr Strongwill?" asked some one of an unhappy wife. "To get rid of him, my dear, he plagued me so," was the unexpected reply.

The demonstrative lover should, properly speaking, be confined to the servant's hall, but, alas! he sometimes makes his appearance in circles where no one would expect to see him. It is the imperative duty of his Dulcinea to suppress him as far as possible, sometimes no easy task. The case of a certain attached pair may be a warning to others. Not very long since a Cinderella dance was given, within a thousand miles of Kensington. Among the guests was a young lady, with her sister and two brothers. Thither came likewise the person I

am tempted to describe, in housemaid's parlance, as "her young man." The pair, after a space, fatigued by their exertions and bent on exchanging endearments to an extent scarcely possible in a more public position, sought the seclusion of the upper flight of stairs, and there sat on absorbed in each other, and regardless of the flight of time. Midnight struck, they heard it not; the "extras" came to an end, they heeded not; the guests departed, our lovers never moved. Her sister made some search for the lady, but in vain, so, as they lived not very far away, and as one brother was likewise missing, she concluded our friend had asked him to take her home, without apprising the rest of the party, and so went away quite easy in her mind. Meanwhile, the hostess and her family had gathered round the cosy fire in the supper-room, and, while discussing the different events of the evening, helped themselves to the refreshments they had been too busy to seek earlier with comfort. As they were laughing and chatting, the hands of the clock stood at a quarter to two; paterfamilias was urging on them the necessity for turning off the gas and getting to bed, when the missing lady and her

admirer took the group by storm, as they appeared bewildered at the doorway. The awkwardness of their position, the excuses they made, and the stifled mirth of their entertainers may be imagined. I hope it was a lesson to the girl, and that in future she vetoed endless *tête á têtes*, unless under suitable circumstances. These very ardent wooers make by no means the best husbands. They seem to burn up at once, in a flare of affection, the love that, judiciously used, should last a lifetime, and, their stock thus speedily exhausted, total darkness succeeds. "Love me little, love me long," is not a bad motto, and, if borne in mind, might prevent the unhappy ending of some of these violent love matches.

Ladies! have any of you had a lachrymose lover? I have met the variety. His fair one did not smile on him (she never does), and the touching manner in which he was wont to appeal to her younger sisters to intercede for him, and tell them how cruelly she treated him, while great tears filled his eyes and flowed down his manly nose, would move a heart of stone—to scorn. It is wonderful how sentimental some men get under the influence of the

tender passion, and how very ridiculous they make themselves and the object of their adoration. No woman likes to be made ridiculous. We all despise "muffs" and "faint heart never won fair lady," which may probably explain why such gentlemen never prosper in their wooing.

The silent lover has a way of sitting in a corner, and glowering at the object of his affections, which is trying to sensitive nerves. She always feels that he acts the "Skibereen Eagle" to Napoleon, and "keeps his eye" on her. He rarely speaks, preferring that the depth of his affection should be measured by the intensity of his gaze. All the other varieties act this part at times when sulky, but *they* mingle reproach with the adoration alone expressed by the silent lover proper.

Last on my list comes the irritable lover, and what a plague he is! Everything offends him, and he thinks he has satisfactorily accounted for his ill-temper when he attributes it to his extreme sensitiveness where his Angelina is concerned. "If I did not love you so," he says touchingly, "I should not mind, but I feel any unkindness on your part acutely." To give

an instance of what he calls unkindness, let us suppose the pair have arranged to take a walk. Both are ready to start with a cheerful "gooseberry picker" in attendance, when up drives a carriage full of visitors. There is no one else perhaps to receive them that particular day, and they are people of importance, who have come eight or ten miles. Whatever the circumstances, the lady has no choice but to make her way to the drawing-room, and put the best face possible on her disappointment. The guests remain a long time, and at their departure it is too late to venture on the proposed excursion. Most people would think the lady and her lover had exactly the same amount of grievance, but he would not agree with them. Oh! dear no! He will not listen to reason. "Why did she go near those old fossils? Why did she make him lose the walk he had so long anticipated? It was most unkind. Why did she not slip out by a side door, and bid the servants say—'Not at home?'" &c., &c. There is no use in telling him these particular people could not be so treated, nor in reminding him they saw her before she saw them, and so escape was impossible. No! it was all her fault, and he must be petted and

soothed into good humour, like a spoiled child. Again, they are going somewhere together, and he offers her a rug, an umbrella, a book, a particular seat, or anything else, which she, not requiring, declines with thanks, and thinks no more about it. Soon she remarks he is very silent; he assumes a "grim rigidity of limb" and of countenance that plainly betokens displeasure. She timidly asks what is the matter, and he answers "*Nothing*," in a tone so fierce that she is startled. They have a miserable day; he vouchsafes no explanation, and, when by entreaties she at last gets him to speak, he overwhelms her with reproaches. She "never takes anything from him"; he "supposes" it was because he offered her so and so she refused it; "why does she not tell him at once she hates him?" and so *ad infinitum.*

These, my readers, are not fancy sketches. I have known—I almost wrote have had—them all.

So many men expect, because they have taken a fancy to a girl, that she must, as a matter of course, reciprocate their affection. This is very hard on her, unless she has encouraged her suitor, when she deserves to

catch a Tartar, and generally does sooner or later, but it is so difficult now-a-days to know a man's real mind, so many pay unmeaning attentions, that some of our sex are absolutely afraid to accept a man's advances otherwise than smilingly, unless he goes very far. It is dreadfully disagreeable to be placed in a false position, which of course will be the case if he turns sharp round, and gives one to understand she need not take the trouble of refusing him, since he never intended to propose. Thus it is that girls get to be flirts; they are afraid to risk their hearts in a game where it is difficult to know if the other side stakes anything of equal value, and where honest players too often find themselves at disadvantage. We hear of men whose "blighted affections" have sent them headlong to a personage of dusky complexion never mentioned in polite society; but were the truth known, it would be manifest that a far larger number of women have had their lives wrecked by a similar stroke, only we must hide what we suffer from every eye. Men sometimes take up the cause of another ill-treated by a coquette, and show her more or less pointedly what they think of her conduct.

But women, alas! have seldom this *esprit de corps.*

Never was it as common for men to make and break engagements as it now is, and in no other European country does the habit prevail. Whatever may be our opinion as to the relative merit of Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen, we must acknowledge that the two former, when they enter into a matrimonial contract, do so with the intention of carrying it out, which does not seem to be always the case with our compatriots. This dishonourable conduct has increased so much of late that we all know multiplied instances of projected marriages broken off suddenly at the last moment, of ridiculous pretexts given in excuse for declining to fulfil engagements, and of misery brought about by lovers who, received at first perhaps coolly, pressed their suit with impassioned eagerness to a successful issue, but who, once accepted, seem to lose all interest in the lady. Such a state of things deserves to be exposed and suppressed. Before a man proposes for any girl, or goes far enough in his attentions to lead people to link his name with hers, he should know his own

mind, and when he has well weighed what he is about to do, let him carry out his engagement like a man of honour, or retreat before he has committed himself. Instead of acting thus, many men begin their love-making without a thought as to what it may lead to, and then, when they find they have gone too far—that everyone takes it for granted they are going to be married, and their most intimate friends begin congratulating them, they see no way out of the self-made difficulty but proposing for the girl and trusting to the chapter of accidents.

"I'm in a fix about Miss Blank," said a young man to a friend. "I made a regular fool of myself yesterday." "How so? are you not going to marry her?" "No, I shan't marry her, but I suppose I must ask her now." "But if she accepts you?" "Oh! that does not matter; it is always easy to break off on the score of settlements!" Objection to the settlements is thus the short cut to freedom! If a man's position is such that he cannot marry, he is not justified in trying to win any girl's affections, while, if on the contrary he is able to support a wife, he will not let money be a barrier should he really love her. As a rule,

when one's *fiancé* tries to postpone the wedding without a good solid reason, such as a death in the family or something of equal weight, the lady may understand he is tired of his bargain and anxious to get out of it, when, if she is wise, she had better give him the freedom he craves, and let him go quietly. Personally, I should esteem it a good riddance, and have no doubt many of my sisters would agree with me, but that does not make such conduct right in itself nor justifiable.

Besides breaking off on the score of settlements, some men find an excuse in the difference of religion, if they chance to pay too much attention to a girl of another faith. Here is an instance. A gentleman (conventionally speaking) met a young lady of great personal attractions, and much sought after. Though he did not love, he admired the girl, and it gratified his vanity to win her if possible from other suitors, and make her give marks of preference for him. This occurred at a country house in Devonshire, where both were visitors. The hostess took it for granted he meant to propose for her young friend, and he found himself so placed by his own fault that he

hardly knew how to get out of the dilemma, so determined to ask the lady to marry him, trusting that her relations would oppose the match because of the difference in creed, as they were said to be very strict adherents to their own religious belief. The girl, poor thing, was persuaded he loved her, and sincerely returned his "affection." She accepted his proposal, and to his surprise he found her people made no demur. The engagement was published, wedding presents poured in, the wedding day was fixed, when at the last moment he announced his firm intention of not being married by the lady's clergyman, and of not having the ceremony take place according to the rites of her church, as had been decided from the beginning. So palpable an excuse left the poor bride no choice but to dismiss him, and I hope he is as happy as I wish him.

I heard through a friend of a perfect fever of excitement caused in a certain locality, by a gentleman refusing in church to marry a lady to whom he had long been engaged, and from whom he parted the evening before, apparently in excellent terms. Why he waited for that

particular time was the still-unsolved problem that puzzled everybody.

One more case, almost as hard, and more fatal in its results. A girl was to be married, let us say, on Wednesday. The Friday previous she and her father dined at a friend's house, and she was taken down to dinner by a gentleman whom she did not know. He said something about the number of marriages coming off just then, and added—"In fact, what brings me to town at present is that I have promised to act as best man to a fellow in our regiment on Thursday—a Captain Lightlove. Do you know him at all?"

It was the name of her *fiancé*, and she answered, smiling—"Yes, I know Captain Lightlove very well indeed, but I think you are mistaken in saying he is to be married on Thursday; you will find Wednesday is the day fixed."

"Oh! no," said her neighbour. "I am quite positive he said Thursday. I have his letter somewhere about me, but I am sure of the day."

"Well," answered the amused girl, "I know it is very rude to contradict, but since I am to

be the bride, you'll allow me to be positive as to Wednesday."

"You the bride! Is it possible! Pray excuse me; it was really very stupid of me, but I was confident he said Thursday. Very odd indeed. So glad I met you, or I'd never have known my mistake." They got confidential at once over the bridegroom elect, and parted the best of friends.

As the lady was driving home she said to her father—"The gentleman who took me down to dinner is a great friend of Edmund's. He is to be his best man. It was really very funny. In the beginning he did not know in the least who I was, and tried to persuade me our wedding was to be on Thursday."

When they got home a letter from Captain Lightlove lay on the hall table. The girl seized it eagerly. It contained only a few lines, to the effect, that after careful consideration he had come to the conclusion their engagement was a mistake. He begged to be released from it, and was always her sincere friend, &c. Her father was just in time to catch her as she sank fainting to the ground, and from her deadly swoon she woke to an attack of brain fever. When

the following Friday the morning paper was read, the family saw among the marriage announcements that of Captain Lightlove, *on the previous day*, to a lady to them unknown, so his best man had been in the right after all.

The hardest part of this for our sex is, that in the eyes of the world a girl always comes second best out of a broken engagement. An absolute injury is done to her prospects, and one which no man is justified in inflicting on her without the gravest reason. It is almost criminal to rush into such a contract with so little care or consideration that one finds it to be a mistake in a week or two, and wants to rush out again. What would be thought of a man who acted thus in an important business matter? These fickle lovers sometimes meet their match, and no one can pity them when they do; one day or other they play their tricks on a woman of coarser mental fibre than their victims, and find themselves face to face with the unpleasant consequences of an action at law, a course naturally not open to those who are what the poor love to call "real ladies."

That girl is to be congratulated to whom heaven has sent an honest, manly, chivalrous,

sincere lover for whose fidelity she need not tremble. She hardly knows what a prize she has gained. No wonder, seeing what they see, that women flirt, and sometimes wring unwittingly an honest heart, on the principle of "once caught twice shy."

Though on us falls the larger share of worry and anxiety, marriage certainly brings at the same time more advantages to us than to men. As society is now constituted, we have but a lonely age in prospect should we remain unwedded, unless we merge our existence in that of nephews, nieces, or other animals, and few women are happy enough to attain an independent position by their own exertions. Men are of equal account, married or single, while we are not. They have their professions to interest them, and from a worldly point of view have less gain personally if they marry. Yet, despite our inducements, it is quite untrue that more women make mercenary matches than men, though some of these constantly speak of "marriage markets," "sales to the highest bidder," "hooking a husband," and so forth. Against this very unchivalrous mode of thought and of expression I wish to offer a strong pro-

test. How many men look for rank and wealth, yet no one seems to remark it. We often see young fellows wedded to women old enough to be their mothers; wealth of course has nothing to do with their choice. It is only in comic opera that an impecunious barrister finds it convenient to fall in love with—

"A rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter."

Whatever may be said of girls being mercenary, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that far more of us are willing to share poverty with the man we love, than there are men who would face a struggle for the sake of any woman, however good or beautiful.

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

"A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman."

WHEN men write about women they are fond of laying stress on their influence, of telling them it is *their* fault that their fathers, brothers, and husbands are not perfect, of saying that to them belongs the task of bringing this world nearer heaven, and of telling them that if they tried they could raise and ameliorate society. There is truth in this worth laying to heart, but it cuts two ways. Though I do not hesitate to blame women when they are in the wrong, I cannot admit either the burden or the blame to be wholly theirs. If men were different, woman, whose aim in the main is to please them, would be different too. What they are is the result of a series of efforts, mistaken efforts if you will, with that end in view. Law approaches the

truth more nearly when he says—"Whatever littleness and vanity is to be observed in the minds of women, is, like the cruelty of butchers, a temper which is wrought into them by that life which they are taught and expected to lead."

Men and women are, in the grain, very much alike. They act and react on each other, and similar causes produce similar results in both. Each should try to live worthily and nobly, but to me it seems hard that the weaker sex should be held responsible for the deterioration of the stronger. One wonders why these latter should not themselves try the raising process, and note its results. True sons of Adam are those who cry—"The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

As things are, quiet gentle girls find themselves too often overlooked, and so are tempted to assume manners not naturally theirs, if they do not want, as the common phrase runs, "to be left on the shelf." Though men say they do not admire women who are bold and fast in manner, yet they crowd round them at every ball and assembly, leaving their modester sisters

to draw conclusions as to what their conduct must be if they want to be popular. It is foolish, I admit, of any girl to act on such deductions, as the best men should prefer the best women (though they frequently do not); but she probably does not think so, and aims to please the majority. Men often draw us into mischief and leave us to bear the censure. For instance, they flirt with a young silly girl, and when she has made herself conspicuous, or uttered some foolish impulsive speech sure to be remembered by a good-natured acquaintance, turn her into ridicule, as I have more than once heard, or say how very forward Miss Dollikins is!

Of all the failings of modern men, the most conspicuous and disagreeable is "snobbishness." If it could be crushed, the really good qualities of many would cease to be obscured. This hateful weakness arises equally from vanity and human respect. The first leads men to desire that people should see what fine fellows they are, how superior to their surroundings, and how good it is of them to live in the world at all; the second makes them tremble lest their fellows should chaff them as Quixotic or as

would-be lady-killers. Human respect is, in more ways than one, the bane of modern men. They lack courage to do what is right because it is right, if it may draw on them remark or ridicule. Hence, like the Athenians of old, many know what is right, but few practise it. Surely this is a poor spirit, an ignoble weakness, an unworthy bending of the knee to Belial. In a moral atmosphere men of the stamp of Roland, Bayard, Du Guesclin, and women worthy of them, cannot exist.

And now I have said my say, leaving deep truths untouched, and taking things in their lightest aspect, if indeed it can be considered light "feelingly to persuade" men how noble and worthy it is to prove oneself a gentleman on all occasions, even in trifles; advocating, not unmeaning conventional courtesy and lip-service, too easily acquired, but that politeness which springs from sound principles and a good heart, and flowing from such a source cannot fail to dignify and ennoble modern young men.

Now if you want some volumes nice,
You'll start at once I'm su-er,
And go and fetch them in a trice,
From Messrs. FIELD AND TUER.—*Punch.*

EXTRACTS FROM

Field & Tuer's List,

The Leadenhall Press.

50, *LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.*

Mrs. L. FLORENCE FFOULKES.

SHORT POEMS IN SUNLIGHT AND SHADE. By L. FLORENCE FFOULKES. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Six Shillings.

Mr. W. B. GILPIN.

A SET OF FOUR HUNTING AND RACING STORIES. By W. B. GILPIN. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Two Shillings.

Mr. ISLAY HAMILTON.

A SPLENDID RALLY: A Story of a Love Set. By ISLAY HAMILTON (A Tennisian). LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

WILLIAM L. RICHARDSON, M.D.

THE DUTIES & CONDUCT OF NURSES IN PRIVATE NURSING. By WILLIAM L. RICHARDSON, M.D., with some notes on Preventing the spread of Infectious Disease. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

Mr. G. H. ADDY.

A SONG OF LOVE AND LIBERTY, or FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS. By G. H. ADDY. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

Mr. NORMAN PRESCOTT DAVIES.

GRAY'S ELEGY: with Sixteen beautiful Illustrations by NORMAN PRESCOTT DAVIES, facsimiled from his original drawings in the possession, and published by the gracious permission of H. R. H. The PRINCESS OF WALES. Bound in gold lettered vellum, with broad silken bands and strings. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Guinea.

"A work of very great beauty."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Mr. F. G. HILTON PRICE, F.S.A.

THE SIGNS OF OLD LOMBARD STREET. By F. G. HILTON PRICE, F.S.A., with Sixty full-page 4to Illustrations by JAMES WEST. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Guinea.

"C. B."

THE STORY OF A NURSERY RHYME. (New Edition). By C. B. With numerous whole-page Illustrations by EDWIN J. ELLIS. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

[5,000—T 4,329.]

Mrs. EMILY PFEIFFER.

SONNETS. (Revised and Enlarged Edition.) By EMILY PFEIFFER, author of "Gerard's Monument," "Under the Aspens," "The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock," "Flying Leaves from East and West," &c., &c. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Six Shillings.

"They are, to our mind, among the finest in the language." *Spectator.*

Mrs. EMILY PFEIFFER.

FLYING LEAVES FROM EAST AND WEST. (Second Edition). By EMILY PFEIFFER, author of "Sonnets," "Gerard's Monument," "Under the Aspens," "The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock," &c., &c. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Six Shillings.

"The best book written on the American continent."—*Academy.*

HEINRICH OSCAR von KARLSTEIN.

GOTHAM AND THE GOTHAMITES (NEW YORK AND THE NEW YORKERS). By HEINRICH OSCAR VON KARLSTEIN. Translated by F. C. VALENTINE. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Two-and-Sixpence; Cloth, Three-and-Sixpence.

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND TOM. Plays for Young People. By ELIZABETH STILL, Dowager Countess of Harrington, authoress of "The Foster Brother," and "The Creoles." LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.

THE FOSTER BROTHER; AND THE CREOLES. Plays for Young People. By ELIZABETH STILL, Dowager Countess of Harrington. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

Mr. JOHN BICKERDYKE.

THE CURIOSITIES OF ALE AND BEER: an Entertaining History. Illustrated with over 50 Quaint Cuts. By JOHN BICKERDYKE. In part collected by the late J. G. FENNELL; now largely augmented with manifold matters of singular note and worthy memory by the Author and his friend J. M. D———. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Guinea.

"Amusing and instructive."—*Daily Telegraph.* "Splendidly produced and singularly interesting."—*Morning Advertiser.*

I,000 QUAINT CUTS FROM BOOKS OF OTHER DAYS, including Amusing Illustrations from Children's Story Books, Fables, Chap-books, &c., &c.; a Selection of Pictorial Initial Letters and Curious Designs and Ornaments from Original Wooden Blocks belonging to The Leadenhall Press. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Sixteen-Pence.

A limited number printed on one side of the paper only at Two-and-Eightpence.

"A wonderful collection of entertaining old wood engravings . . . . any one of these delights is worth the one-and-fourpence." —*Saturday Review.*

Miss MACLEOD, and Messrs. HAROLD BOULTON and MALCOLM LAWSON.

(Dedicated by gracious permission to Her Majesty the Queen.)

SONGS OF THE NORTH. (New Edition.) Gathered together from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. Edited by A. C. MACLEOD and HAROLD BOULTON. The Music arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON. Frontispiece "Proud Maisie" by FRED SANDYS. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Twelve-and-Sixpence.

"A book that singers will like to have and the public will be wise to get."—*The Scotsman.*

Mr. ANDREW W. TUER & Mr. CHS. E. FAGAN.

THE FIRST YEAR OF A SILKEN REIGN (1837-8). By ANDREW W. TUER & CHS. E. FAGAN. With Ten Illustrations from contemporary plates. ". . . proudly arched neck advancing . . . uncurbed with silken rein unfelt."—*Anon.*

CONTENTS.—The Accession: Reminiscences: Early Days of the New Reign: Festivities and Public Appearances: The London of the Period: Society of the Period: Coaching: The Dawn of the Railway Era: Sport: Music, Drama, and Amusements: Art and Ceremonial: The Coronation. [Six Shillings.

LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C.

Mr. ANDREW W. TUER.

(Dedicated by gracious permission to Her Majesty the Queen.)

THE FOLLIES AND FASHIONS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS (1807). Embellished with Thirty-seven whole-page Plates of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dress (hand-coloured and heightened with gold and silver), Sporting and Coaching Scenes, &c., &c. By ANDREW W. TUER. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C.

Large Paper copies, crown 4to, with *earliest impressions* of the plates; 250 only, signed and numbered, at Three Guineas.

Demy 8vo. copies at Twenty-five Shillings.

"May at any time be confidently dipped into by readers in search of quiet diversion."—*Graphic.*

(Dedicated by gracious permission to Her Majesty the Queen.)

BARTOLOZZI AND HIS WORKS. (New Edition). Biographical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive. By ANDREW W. TUER. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Twelve-and-Sixpence.

A guide to the study of old-fashioned prints of the Bartolozzi school.

OLD LONDON STREET CRIES, AND THE CRIES OF TO-DAY, with Heaps of Quaint Cuts, including Hand-coloured Frontispiece. By ANDREW W. TUER, Author of "Bartolozzi and his Works," &c. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. Thirty-fifth Thousand. [One Shilling.

"Very amusing. Charmingly pretty. A wonderful shilling's-worth."—*Globe.*

Mr FRED. C. MILFORD.

55 GUINEAS REWARD. A Sensational Story by FRED. C. MILFORD, author of "Lost! a Day." LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Two-and-Eightpence.

"A story in which originality and ingenuity run neck and neck."—*Whitehall Review.*

Mr. FRED. C. MILFORD.

LOST! A DAY. The thrilling Story of an extraordinary Mesmeric Theft. By FRED. C. MILFORD, author of "55 Guineas Reward." LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

"Not since the very dawn of the days of shilling novels has such a capital piece of sensational fiction come under our notice." —*Whitehall Review.*

M. MAX O'RELL.

DRAT THE BOYS! or, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EX-FRENCH MASTER IN ENGLAND. By MAX O'RELL, author of "John Bull and his Island," &c., &c. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Two Shillings.

M. MAX O'RELL.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND. (Cheap Edition.) Translated from the French by the Author, MAX O'RELL. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

Translated into almost every European language, upwards of two hundred thousand copies of "John Bull and his Island" have been disposed of, and this remarkable book is still selling.

Miss ALICE CORKRAN.

THE BAIRNS' ANNUAL: FOR 1887-8. Edited by ALICE CORKRAN. Illustrated by Mrs. MACK (LIZZIE LAWSON). LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

Mr. FAIRFAX L. CARTWRIGHT.

BIANCA CAPELLO. A Tragedy. By FAIRFAX L. CARTWRIGHT, B.A., Third Secretary in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service: Author of "Lorello" and "The Emperor's Wish," Plays in Five Acts. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Three-and-Sixpence.

"His characters live, and Bianca especially, in her varying moods, is pourtrayed delicately and yet with a vigour of delineation that suffices to make one understand her ways. Nervous, pure English, untainted by foreign expressions."—*Saturday Review.*

Dr. ANNA KINGSFORD and Mr. EDWARD MAITLAND.

A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged of

THE PERFECT WAY; or, THE FINDING OF CHRIST. (Now first published under the Authors' names). By ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D. (Paris), and EDWARD MAITLAND, B.A. (Cantab.) LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Twelve-and-Sixpence.

"One of the most—perhaps the most—important and spirit-stirring of appeals to the highest instincts of mankind which modern European literature has evolved."—*Theosophist.*

Mrs. HAWEIS.

RUS IN URBE: or FLOWERS THAT THRIVE IN LONDON GARDENS AND SMOKY TOWNS. By M. E. HAWEIS. Illustrated. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

"Full of encouragement for the patient townsman who desires a garden or something green to make cheerful his surroundings."—*Saturday Review.*

The Rev. R. I. WOODHOUSE.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH? or PLAIN INSTRUCTION ABOUT THE CHURCH, ESPECIALLY IN ENGLAND: HER DOCTRINE, HER DISCIPLINE, HER OFFICES. By The Rev. R. I. WOODHOUSE, M.A. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

"Contains a great deal of useful information."—*Church Times.*

Mr. CHARLES JAMES SCOTTER.

WHO IS HIS FATHER? A Story to be Laughed or Cried over. By CHARLES JAMES SCOTTER. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

"A pleasing, well written, and amusing story."—*Literary World.*

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON. With Six Illustrations from the original copper-plates engraved in 1778 by ISAAC TAYLOR; and a Preface by JOHN OLDCASTLE. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Sixteen-Pence.

The beautiful illustrations have been carefully and separately struck off direct from the original copper-plates themselves—the only method of printing by which the minuteness and beauty of the engraved work can be properly rendered.

"A marvellously cheap series illustrated with charming survivals of the age of copperplate printing."—*Saturday Review.*

SOLOMON GESSNER.

SOLOMON GESSNER, "The Swiss Theocritus." With Six Illustrations and Extra Portrait from the Original Copper-plates engraved in 1802 by ROBERT CROMEK, from Drawings by THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A., and a Preface by JOHN OLDCASTLE. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Sixteen-Pence.

The beautiful illustrations have been carefully and separately struck off direct from the original copper-plates themselves—the only method of printing by which the minuteness and beauty of the engraved work can be properly rendered.

"The choice engravings from the original plates will have a charm for thousands."—*St. James's Gazette.*

VIEWS OF ENGLISH SOCIETY. By a little Girl of Eleven. Illustrated. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Two-and-Eightpence.

"We have read through the 'Views' with intense amusement and satisfaction."—*Tablet.*

Mr. HUGH CONWAY.

"SOMEBODY'S STORY" IN HUGH CONWAY'S HANDWRITING: fac-simile of the original MS. followed by the story printed in type. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

"Shows indubitable genius, and is enhanced by the attraction it possesses as being a facsimile reproduction of the lamented author's handwriting."—*John Bull.*

Mr. JEROME K. JEROME.

THE IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW. By JEROME K. JEROME, Author of "On the Stage—and Off." A book for an Idle Hour. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Half-a-Crown.

"The *Idle Thoughts* by JEROME, with his special private views,
Is a book all busy people should undoubtedly peruse."—*Punch.*

Mr. JEROME K. JEROME.

ON THE STAGE—AND OFF: The Brief Career of a Would-be Actor. By JEROME K. JEROME. LONDON: Field & Tuer. The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

"A capital description of the career of a would-be actor, whose ups and downs—some amusing, others dismal—are brightly and freshly written."—*The Paper & Printing Trades Journal.*

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY. By a Lady. A simplified method of keeping accounts, arranged to commence from any date. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

Mr. A. R. COLQUHOUN.

AMONGST THE SHANS: By A. R. COLQUHOUN, F.R.G.S., &c., Author of "Across Chrysê," "The Truth about Tonquin," "The Opening of China," "Burma and the Burmans," &c. With upwards of Fifty Illustrations, and an Historical Sketch of the Shans by HOLT S. HALLETT, preceded by an Introduction on the "Cradle of the Shan Race," by TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Twenty-one Shillings.

"Should be read by every English merchant on the look-out for new markets."—*Globe.*

"LOCHNELL."

SAXON LYRICS AND LEGENDS. After ALDHELM, by LOCHNELL. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [One Shilling.

"The author has been successful in giving us some taking verses, and the collection is valuable for the impressions it will convey of a branch of literature known only to the student."—*Scottish News.*

HERR WILHELM F. BRAND.

LONDON LIFE SEEN WITH GERMAN EYES. By WILHELM F. BRAND. LONDON: Field & Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C. [Two Shillings.